THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY H. B.

My little girl, last night I read
The words you wrote me, ere you slept.
They touched me; into my sad heart
A softer, gentler feeling crept.
So I have said—"I have no hope
And no ambition—save for fame."
For this you pity me, and deem
Life lost, which has no nobler aim.

Well, child—and if it is, what then?
The bitter joy, the toilsome gain
Is something to fill up one's heart,
To drown its cries, to appease its pain.
Through all of our appointed days
The weary way we still must tread.
We may not die; we cannot starve,
One must eat husks, not having bread.

What do women live for?—Love.
To have, enfolded round our life,
A never-failing tenderness.
To hear a dear voice call us "Wife."
The tender pain of motherhood
To feel, the while soft fingers twine
About us, baby lips meet ours.
This is our life. *Ours*—but not *mine*.

God pity me! There does not live
A gentler soul than I would be,
If only some heart throbbed with mine,
If only love were given to me.
That being denied, I still may find
Poor compensation, scant delight,
In search for fame. Death frees us all.
'Tis growing late. Dear child, good-night.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

A LITTLE DINNER AT GREYCRAGS.

The institution of dinner parties, admirable for mankind in many respects, and certainly superior to all other forms of entertainment, is not so advantageous with regard to our relations with the other sex. Man can have no better opportunity of cultivating acquaintance with his brother man, but scarcely a worse for improving his position with the lady of his affections. We may not be so fastidious as the noble bard who "hated to see a woman eat," but we still must acknowledge that we had rather see our beloved object doing almost anything else. We do not know how it may be with chopsticks, but a knife and fork in woman's hands seem certainly inimical to the tender passion; the jingle of glasses, the clatter of plates, are not to be trusted to, as in any degree permanent; servants are not invariably noisy; and just as, under cover of a fusillade of this sort, you have hazarded a remark with meaning, a sudden silence may place you in the most embarrassing position. The attentive fair one poising a morsel upon her fork, presents a truly ridiculous spectacle, and you—with the sentence you dare not finish—how foolish *you* also look, as you plunge madly at your champagne glass, and wish it were an opaque pitcher in which you could hide your diminished head. And yet, how you counted beforehand on that evening when you knew you were to meet her, and that your good-natured hostess would see that your Arabella should be placed under your charge in the procession to the dining-room! For my part, I think the Eastern custom, which excludes females from feasts, is a most excellent one. The only exception should be picnics, which, indeed, would never exist except for women, who care not what they eat, or what they drink, but only wherewithal they shall be clothed.

However, as I have said, the lover still looks forward to the repast at which he is to meet his fair one, notwithstanding the not unrecorded experiences of the generations before him: and the Thursday on which John Carlyon was invited to Greycrags, seemed to beckon him to bliss.

His late interview with Agnes had filled his heart with hope—it must be confessed on but slight grounds. He did not take into account the depth of gratitude which she felt for the service he had rendered her, and which, of course, had placed him upon quite another footing than that of a stranger making his first visit of ceremony; the unconventional simplicity of her nature, too, so different from that of young ladies in general, gave to her manners a frankness and cordiality which he had construed, somewhat egotistically perhaps, into a liking for herself. But, he was at all events certain that she did not shrink from him as he had apprehended would have been the case, in pious horror. He did not at all dislike her remarks to him upon the question of religion. They evinced an interest in his future welfare, which perhaps might be extended to the present. Charity begins at home, but love may begin anywhere. Marriages themselves were said to be made in Heaven. It was very foolish of him to leap to these conclusions; but the fact was, Carlyon was dealing with a person whose motives of action he could appreciate, and yet by no means understand. Nothing is more unintelligible to an irreligious man than the position of the truly pious. The quoters of texts, the wearers of long faces, the denouncers of fiction, and all that rout of the vulgar and ignorant who make up so large a portion of what is called "the religious world," are very transparent to him, and afford him endless opportunities of scoffing at the Great Cause of which these foolish persons imagine themselves to be the advocates. But, brought face to face with those who spend their lives in doing good, from motives quite other than those of simple benevolence, and whose charity is of the heart as well as the hand, he is puzzled how to treat them. These "amiable enthusiasts," who show their faith by their works, are very embarrassing to him; but they are seldom met with in society.

Carlyon had long regarded Agnes like some star set far above him in a heaven of its own; but now that he had been admitted to her presence, and listened to her opinions, she seemed no longer out of his reach. Yet as soon might he imagine that the substance of the star was any nearer to him, because in some tranquil pool he had seen its reflex, and hung over it for a little unrebuked.

It is sad to think how soon with ordinary men, and especially with those who pay a somewhat exceptional homage to woman, the angel is lost in the wife, and the wife in the drudge; how lightly they value the prize once so humbly sought when they have become possessed of it. With one of Carlyon's generous and knightly nature such degradation was impossible, but he was not without some share of that vanity of his sex which translates the pressure of a woman's hand into "Persevere," and her smile into "You will succeed." A week ago, had his heart ventured to whisper to him that Agnes Crawford might some day be his, he would have laughed aloud for very bitterness. But now, as he was borne towards Greycrags, in the close car of the country, to dine in company with that no longer unapproachable young woman, the idea of such an union was by no means laughable, but eminently practicable and very nice. There was no dinner-party to meet him, of course. Not that there is any difficulty in the country in getting folks to dine with you, for they will cheerfully come six, and even ten miles, to do it in the depth of winter, but simply because Mr. Crawford knew nobody to ask. Mr. Puce, indeed, would have given five pounds (and he was not a recklessly extravagant man either) for an invitation to Greycrags; but Mr. Puce was not there. Mr. Carstairs was the only guest, besides Carlyon, who was not an inmate of the house.

An apology for this circumstance was tendered by the stately old man, as he welcomed the young squire, who on his part rejoined, most truthfully, that he was glad they were to be so small a company. He might, with equal veracity, have added that at least one of the present party could have been well spared. Mr. Richard Crawford, offensively good-looking and objectionably young, was standing by his cousin's side, and continued there to stand while Carlyon and she shook hands and dilated upon the fineness of the evening—as though June were generally a series of pouring days alternating with snow-storms. It was quite a relief when cheery Mr. Carstairs bustled in late—("when a lady's in the case, my dear sir, and especially under certain circumstances—ahem—all other things must give place")—and fastened himself upon Mr. Richard, with some startling particulars concerning the right of fishing, which that young gentleman, it seems, had exercised of late in contempt of the lawful authority of Charles, Earl Disney. The doctor, indeed, was just one of those persons whose presence is invaluable in a small company, in which there are discordant elements. A common acquaintance of all, he seemed to be unaware of the existence of any antipathies. He rattled on at dinner from one subject of gossip to another in his good-natured way, insisting especially upon the attention of Richard as being a youth, and one who had never paid him his dues in any other form. In vain the young man replied to him in monosyllables, and never took his eyes off Carlyon and his cousin, who were conversing in reality innocently enough about ordinary matters; the doctor poured forth his cornucopia of news to the last item, and then took to science.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Richard, ever since I heard you have been to Peru, I have wanted to have a long talk with you about the chinchona plant."

And a long talk he had, lasting through half the repast, during which his unfortunate victim presented the appearance rather of one who was employed in *taking* quinine than of merely conversing about it. Mr. Crawford, senior, threw in a word or two, here and there, evincing considerable knowledge of the subject, but never at sufficient length to extricate his nephew from the discussion and set him at liberty to watch his cousin and her neighbor. If, in short, the whole thing had been planned for the discomfiture of the young sailor, and *for* affording his opportunity to Carlyon, the end in view could not have been more successfully attained.

When Agnes had risen and departed, the doctor, exhilarated by social success and some first-rate Madeira, was still the lion of the evening.

"I am glad to see you to-night, Mr. Carlyon," said the little man, good-humoredly; "the last time we parted, it was after rather an unpleasant discussion; but forgive and forget is my motto, as I am sure it is yours. And I am glad to see you *here*, sir, especially, where you will find precept and example too—for, if your excellent daughter, Mr. Crawford, does not convert him from his errors, neither would one who rose from the dead; that's my opinion."

"I, too, am extremely glad," observed the old gentleman, with a grave smile, "to see Mr. Carlyon here, although I was not aware that he stood in need of spiritual aid. But for him, sir, my daughter, of whom you are pleased to speak so highly, would not be now alive; nor, indeed, would this young gentleman."

"I have already endeavored to express my gratitude to Mr. Carlyon," rejoined Richard, stiffly. "Mr. Carstairs, I think I know what you have in your mind, and also in your pocket. I assure you my uncle has no sort of objection to your smoking a cigar."

"None whatever," responded the old gentleman, and the cigars were lighted accordingly.

Carlyon had not thought it possible that any observation of Richard Crawford's could have afforded him so much satisfaction. Armed with the benignant weed he knew that he would be permitted to dream as he pleased while the doctor talked; that he could conceal his thoughts in grateful silence as easily as he could hide his countenance in the fragrant smoke.

"You are very indulgent, Mr. Crawford," began the little man; "unusually so to us young folks—ahem" (the doctor was on the shady side of fifty); "and you don't smoke yourself, neither, which makes the permission doubly commendable."

"I was so smoke-dried in my—at one time in my life," observed the old gentleman, coldly, "that nothing annoys me in that way."

Mr. Carstairs had it upon the tip of his tongue to say, "That was in the army, I suppose?" but he did not feel quite equal to such an audacity, so helped himself to Madeira instead.

"One thing gives me great comfort," continued the little man; "without which, even with your permission, I should scarcely venture to enjoy myself in this way, and that is, that Miss Agnes has no objection to the smell of smoke. She never asks a poor man to put out his pipe when visiting his cottage, although the tobacco in Mellor is by no means like that of the young squire's here. What a difference there is in tobacco! When we go home together, Carlyon, I shall ask you for one out of your case."

Carlyon laughed, and they all laughed. This little doctor, who had dined and wined so freely, and was enjoying himself so much, was quite a godsend to the company. In the drawing-room after dinner he was still the leading spirit. At the conclusion (and sometimes a little before it) of Agnes's charming Scotch songs he led the applause, clapping his large hands together, like a dramatic critic of the pit. Once again he informed Carlyon that he was glad to see him in that house, and in such improving company. "Go and talk to her, sir, she will do you good," whispered he, with earnestness. Nor did he fail to give him the opportunity; for fastening vampire-like on the unhappy Richard, he sucked his brains for a quarter of an hour, with reference to the insufficient supply of lime-juice in the merchant service for the prevention of scurvy. In short, Carstairs was the guest of the evening; nay, it was Carstairs's dinner given by Crawford; it was almost Carstairs's daughter by a previous marriage.

Carlyon laughed aloud as he and the little man strode home together that beautiful night—having sent away their respective vehicles—each with one of those excellent cigars of the Woodlees brand in their mouths. He had not had much private talk with Agnes, but he was indebted to the surgeon for all that he had had. Her last words had been the sweetest. She had expressed a wish to take the portrait of her equine preserver Red Berild. He was to ride the gallant roan to Greycrags for that purpose the very next day. She had said, "any day," and he had replied, "To-morrow," and to-morrow it was to be. It would take a long time and many sittings, (if such a term could be used for such a subject) to paint a horse. He saw no end to his opportunities of visiting Greycrags.

"What a charming evening we have had," exclaimed he, enthusiastically.

"Very jolly!" answered the surgeon, promptly. "I never enjoyed myself more in my life. Curious young fellow, though, that Mr. Richard; deuced hard to get anything out of him. Wants a deal of pumping. But when I want to get the truth out of a man, I flatter myself I generally get it. How do you like Miss Agnes?"

"Stop a bit; my cigar's going out. Give me a light, Carstairs."

"No, it isn't. It is in a state of complete combustion. How do you like her, sir?"

"What, Miss Crawford?"

"Well, I don't mean the girl that helped to wait at table; I refer to our late hostess."

"I think she is a very—pleasant—agreeable—and certainly beautiful young woman."

This opinion, given with the utmost deliberation, and much of the conscious solemnity of a judge, seemed to satisfy the inquirer. They walked on for some distance in silence.

"Don't you think that young fellow, Richard, uncommonly handsome, Carlyon?"

"Very," returned the squire, unhesitatingly.

"And so young, too," continued the doctor. "One cannot wonder that Miss Agnes is obviously weak in that quarter. Did you not notice how quickly she spoke in his behalf when the old gentleman was inclined to take him to task once or twice?"

"Yes; she defends everybody: and, besides, as you say, she is doubtless much attached to the lad. They are first cousins, you know."

They walked on in silence as before, except that ever and anon the doctor now stole a look at his unconscious companion, full of embarrassment and pity. His high spirits seemed to have quite deserted him. Carlyon, on the other hand, stepped gayly along, solacing himself, in place of another cigar, with snatches of song, according to his custom when well content. They were drawing near to Mellor, where they were to part, before Mr. Carstairs spoke again.

"I say, Carlyon, did you observe a very singular thing that took place this evening while we were sitting and smoking in the dining-room?"

"Yes," answered the other, demurely; "I noticed you let Mr. Richard finish one whole sentence without interrupting him; it was a phenomenon no one could fail to observe."

"Pooh! pooh! I don't mean that; those young fellows want to be pulled up now and then. But did you see what old Crawford was doing while we smoked?"

"No; what?"

"Why, he was chewing tobacco. He kept moving the quid about in his mouth whenever he thought he was not observed."

"Nonsense. He was talking, only you would not listen to a word he had to say, so that he might have seemed to you to be only chewing."

"I will stake my existence, Carlyon, that he had a quid in his mouth. Was it not monstrous?"

"I didn't see it; and, therefore, can't say whether it was monstrous or not," rejoined the other, laughing.

"Now, do be serious, Carlyon. I mean, was it not monstrous for a person in Mr. Crawford's assumed position to be doing such a thing?"

"Assumed; why assumed?" inquired the other, sharply.

"Well, that's just the point," pursued the doctor. "Nobody knows who he is, or where he hails from. You have observed, I dare say, how shyly he fights off any question about his past history. Well, coupling that peculiar fact with the occupation in which I saw him engaged to-night—putting one and one together, you know—I should be surprised (notwithstanding Puce's opinion to the contrary), if this strange old gentleman has not sprung from a very low origin."

"Well; and what then?" inquired Carlyon, coolly.

"Well, a good deal *then*, I should think. I mean that this Crawford's relatives and antecedents are probably by no means what they ought to be."

"Yet he seems to me to speak very good grammar," returned the other, laughing. "If, however," added he, more gravely; "you refer to the possibly inferior social position of the ancestors of the gentleman with whom we have just condescended to dine, I honestly tell you I have no sympathy with such prejudices. A man's father may have been a sweep for all I care, so long as the color is not transmitted (I do stop at color.) And, by-the-bye, did you happen to observe that dusky female who flitted like a bat up the staircase as we were lighting our cigars in the hall?"

"Yes; that was Cubra, young Mr. Richard's foster-mother. The only servant whom the Crawfords brought with them from the south. She never ails in health, or she might afford me an opportunity for a harmless experiment I have long had in view, in respect to the circulation of the blood. Very interesting subject that, Mr. Carlyon."

"Doubtless, doctor. That reminds me—since you are the medical attendant of Mr. Crawford, might I ask, supposing it is no breach of professional confidence, whether he has anything the matter with his heart?"

The doctor's rubicund face grew almost white; he stopped suddenly.

"What in heaven's name, made you ask that question?" inquired he.

"Simply, because I have seen him start and change color in a very curious manner more than once, from apparently inadequate causes."

"No, sir, his heart is as sound as a roach," returned the doctor, abruptly; "I wish I could say as much for all my—patients. Well, I must wish you 'good-night' here, Carlyon."

"Good-night, Carstairs. Don't cut poor Crawford out of your visiting list because you are not sure if his family came in with the Conqueror. Make inquiries; or give him the benefit of the doubt."

Laughing gayly, the young squire strode away up the hill. The churchyard cast no shadow of death upon him to-night as he passed it swiftly by. The moonlight sleeping on the bay had no power to make him sad. When a woman has passed the heyday of her life, she never deceives herself in respect to that matter, notwithstanding that she may use all her art to deceive others; but with us men it is different. There is an Indian summer in many a man's life; a period, always brief indeed, but of uncertain duration, which takes place after youth has fled, and its flight been acknowledged. It is fostered by the sunshine of a woman's love, often only to be nipped by the frost of her indifference. Then winter sets in indeed.

This second summer had suddenly befallen John Carlyon. He had never been in such high spirits, or felt so full of life since the time—a score of years ago—when he was a boy.

"I ought to have told him from the first," mused Mr. Carstairs, gloomily, as he lit the flat candle left for him as usual in his little hall. "My plan for that poor fellow's welfare has sadly miscarried. Instead of her doing him good she has done him harm. He has fallen in love with her, head over ears. What a *fiasco* have I made of it! Well, I will tell Carlyon to-morrow at all hazards. I was a coward not to do it just now when opportunity offered; but he seemed so full of hope and life, poor fellow, that I had not the heart."

CHAPTER XII.

SKETCHING RED BERILD.

In pursuance of his previous night's resolve the doctor called at Woodlees first in his morning's round; he had taken one foot out of the stirrup, making sure of his man at that early hour, when Robin stopped him with, "The young squire's out, Mr. Carstairs;" then added, in a confidential tone, "he has ridden over to Greycrags." And his old eyes twinkled with unaccustomed mirth. "There mayn't be anything in it, you know; I don't say there is," continued he, "but it would be a great thing for the old house, as you remember, in the old times, to have a missus, and Miss Agnes, by all accounts, is just the one to do him good."

"Yes, Robin, perhaps so," responded the doctor, thoughtfully, not at all astonished by the terms in which the ancient retainer spoke of his young master and his affairs. Carlyon's spiritual case was considered "interesting" by all the orthodox about Mellor, and so many different remedies had been recommended by all classes, as are volunteered for the whooping-cough. "I will call again to-morrow, or the next day."

Day after day went on, and Mr. Carstairs called and called again at Woodlees, but saw nobody but Robin, whose servile smirk was now exchanged for a broad and very unbecoming grin. "I have done my duty," murmured the little doctor to himself on each occasion; then cantered away, not sorry that his mission had ended where it did, like an unwilling churchgoer who duly presents himself at the sacred edifice and finds there is no room for him.

In the meantime Red Berild—very gradually, for Carlyon, when matters were going too fast, would make critical objections, and cause a whole leg to be rubbed out—was being transferred to paper. He was permitted to come upon the lawn, where he stood, now making futile efforts to crop the short-shaven sward, now advancing towards his master and the fair artist, to complain perhaps of the too great efficacy of the grass cutting-machine. Like the French Government when revolution threatens, Agnes always gave him bread upon such occasions, which she kept by her in necessarily large quantities for purposes of erasure. The three made a very pretty picture; Agnes sitting upon that camp-stool reclaimed from Ocean, Carlyon stretched at her feet, with his fine face bathed in sunshine; and the great horse champing his bit, as though proudly conscious that he was being handed down to posterity. On the terraced walk, half way up the wooded hill, sat Richard Crawford, always with the same book in his hand, and the same leaf of the book open before him.

At unfrequent intervals Mr. Crawford senior's skeleton form would stalk out of the house, and cast its gaunt shadow over the preoccupied pair.

"How good it was of Mr. Carlyon to give up his usual gallop on the hill-side, or 'over sands,' in order to indulge his daughter's whim in this fashion. What a very magnificent creature—although he (Mr. Crawford) for his part was no horseman, nor a judge of horses—was Red Berild! He did hope so much that Mr. Carlyon would honor his poor house [lunch being invariably over before the old gentleman put in an appearance], by remaining to dinner."

Thus matters went on—with the exception of the wet days, that are "neither few nor far between" about Mellor, and on which there was no excuse for Carlyon's coming—for weeks. The conversation between him and Agnes had hitherto never centred upon religious matters, since the occasion of his first visit to Greycrags. Each felt that that was the only ground not common to both, and, although one of them most earnestly desired that it should be made so, she shrunk from the contest for fear of its possible result. Not that she had any apprehension for her own firm faith; not that she was without hope of turning his noble soul to the truth; but, if she failed to conquer, something told her that they two would have to part; and she was so happy as things were. Happy always in his presence; but, out of it, when he had gone away no wiser than he came—not bettered, when she had had it in her humble power

to better him, or at least to try to do so—her conscience, tender as a rose leaf, was pricked.

"Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke." Had these words been addressed to Timothy only, or to all true professors of the faith? She would repeat them to herself, even while he was speaking to her in his low earnest tones, as though they were a charm against witchery. At last the opportunity long-wished for, long shrunk from, offered itself.

He was speaking of Stephen Millet, now, notwithstanding his late lesson, and vehement protestations of amendment, become even a greater sot than before, and a source of poverty as well as wretchedness to his son.

"The poor fellow has had to sell his very furniture to support that old scoundrel," said Carlyon. "When I think of William Millet, and of my Lord Disney over yonder, it really almost seems that Providence, in applying the sacred precept of 'Love your enemies,' protects its own foes, while it persecutes its friends."

"That is indeed only seeming, Mr. Carlyon. The happiest man in all this parish, the richest (in all true riches), the wisest, the best, is William. Fret not thyself because of evil doers, of him who prospereth in the way, and bringeth evil devices to pass. Nay, do you believe in your inmost heart that such a man as Lord Disney is happy?"

"Most certainly I do, my dear Miss Agnes, in so far as his capabilities permit. He is not happy in the sense that you are happy, but he is happy enough for him. The middle classes of this country possess just so much religion as to make them uncomfortable. They have too little to constitute happiness, yet too much to permit of them enjoying themselves. Now the aristocracy, to do them justice, are not restrained from indulging in any pleasure by considerations of its sinfulness. Nor do they lose the respect of society by so doing, for the Bible of the said middle classes is bound up with their *Peerage*, and merely forms a supplement to it, unless when they are at death's door, and the choice has to be abruptly made between their duty to the Lord of Lords, or to persons of title generally. Even the clergy are thus divided in allegiance; or else, like some we wot of, they boldly throw in their lot with the latter, and become, as it were, private chaplains to the hereditary aristocracy—than which occupation, by-the-bye, in the literal sense, I can fancy nothing queerer. Think of it: Paul accepting the post of private soul-keeper to a nobleman of the neighborhood; or still worse (since it would be a spiritual sinecure), to one *not* of the neighborhood! Upon the whole, I must say, for religious folks, that they have the smallest sense of humor, the greatest obtuseness with respect to their own anomalies and contradictions, and, I may add, the least understanding of the principles of their own creed of any people I know. Have not the true faith with respect of persons—the whole chapter is addressed to these idiots; but it might just as well not have been written, we are told, since they grovel at the feet of any fellow creature, however base, who happens to have a tag to his name. Look at the behavior of your religious folks about Mellor, in regard to his lordship, for instance. My sister Meg is almost charitable when she speaks of *his* little peccadillos. Mr. Pace himself dined at the great house last week, in company which I cannot speak of before you."

He spoke with uncommon energy and passion, though never raising his voice beyond its usual tone; his cheeks flushed brightly, his eyes flashed scornful fire. Agnes, on the other hand, grew very white, and her hand, so cold that it could scarcely hold the brush, trembled exceedingly. She felt that the time was come for her to speak.

"This may be very true, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, after a pause, "concerning the professors of the truth—or at least some of them—because, as you say, they are ignorant of the very principles they profess. But if ignorant, why be angry with them? why scourge them with such terrible words, when they only (as you allow) need teaching? If we do not love our brother whom we have known, how can we love God whom we have not known?"

"Indeed, my dear Miss Agnes," rejoined Carlyon, smiling, "I think there is something wrong about that text, for I am sure I should have a much greater regard for sister Meg, if I had never had the misfortune to know her. Still, as you hint, my expressions were not charitable, and I retract them. Come, you see you are doing me good, reprobate that I am; and, also, please to observe that I might have behaved much worse by railing against religion itself, instead of its professors."

"I cannot go with you there, Mr. Carlyon," replied Agnes, gravely. "I have always held that to speak evil recklessly against our fellow-creatures is worse than to speak blasphemy against the Most High. We cannot hurt Him by anything we say. He can redress his own wrongs in a terrible fashion; we are very sure of that, although He may not use the thunderbolt upon the instant. But Man, whom he has also bidden men to love, is weak; our words may injure him in reputation—in a thousand ways—nay, they may embitter his very soul."

"And do you say the same of deeds, Miss Agnes, in relation to man and his Creator?"

"Undoubtedly. Can any sacrilege be equal in guilt to an act of oppression, or rather is not oppression the very highest sacrilege against the poor, who are God's peculiar people."

"Very good, and very true," said Carlyon. "Then the sin of unbelief, the intellectual misfortune of not being able to credit the statements of the Bible, you must allow is not to be compared in point of enormity to the sin of leading a wicked—that is, a cruel and remorseless—life."

Agnes was silent; her heart beat so strongly that she could hear it in that still, sultry noon; she heard the horse cropping the grass; she thought she heard her ever-watchful cousin crumpling the leaves of his book as he leant forward to listen to her reply.

"If faith without works is dead," continued Carlyon, earnestly, "faith with bad works must be surely rotten. Now what I want to know is this—I am not speaking of myself in the matter, for I do nothing to boast of, God knows—but are good works without faith in your opinion valueless, Miss Agnes?"

If he was not speaking of himself, it was, she well knew, of him that she had to speak, when she should answer. There were texts enough ready to her hand, crushing ones, final ones, such as Mr. Pace would have clapped on quickly enough, like hatches upon a mutinous crew in the Tropics, and yet she hesitated. A harsh and uncharitable dogma from her lips—that is, one that would seem so to this unregenerate man—might do the very mischief it was her intention to avert. He had never given himself the opportunities of grace—what if she should throw away this chance by any spiritual indiscretion, and so through *her* (of all people) *this* soul (of all souls) should perish!

"You say you do not speak of yourself, Mr. Carlyon; but I cannot affect to agree with you—at least, altogether—in that. Is it possible that you have no belief in religion?"

"I do not quite say that," returned Carlyon, frankly; "it is indeed impossible to be so rank an infidel in the presence of so pure a disciple—"

She stopped him with a reproving finger, and a face very stern and sad.

"Do not trifle with me, Mr. Carlyon; but answer me honestly, and like—if that is all I may adjure you by—and like a gentleman."

"Well, dear lady, I will say this much. Your religion is good for poor folks, I do believe, and admirably adapted for them, although, as I have said, the upper classes can make nothing of it. Your remark about William Millet, for instance, was in my opinion a just one. He comforts himself in the absence of earthly blessings, with dreams of heaven. The weightier his cross here, the richer, he thinks, his crown hereafter. The devout countrymen of our friend Mistress Cubra, who hope to gain Paradise by self-torture, present only an exaggerated phase of the same superstition. Don't be angry with me, Agnes," added he, pleadingly, tenderly; "don't look like that. I was obliged to be honest with you. You would not have had me tell you a lie."

She shook her head, and her lips moved twice or thrice without sound.

"No," murmured she, presently; "I suppose a lie would have been worse even than what you have said. I am not angry, sir, God knows—I almost wish I were; but I would have given this right hand to have heard you answer differently. The Psalmist says that he never beheld the seed of the righteous begging their bread; but, how much more terrible is this, that the son of a righteous man should deny his God!"

She dropped her head upon her lap, and wept like one who feels she has lost for ever him that is dearest to her.

"Shall I tell you, Miss Crawford," said Carlyon, in an altered voice, not moved by her tears, but cold and bitter in its tone, "shall I tell you how it was I became a heretic?"

"Became, sir! it is not possible that such as you can have once found God and then lost Him. And yet I have heard of something of this before; with such a father it could not be but that you were brought up in the right way; and after that to go astray? Alas! alas! 'it is impossible,' it is written, 'if they shall then fall away, to renew them again.'"

The despair in the young girl's face was unspeakable, as though, with those tender eyes, she had herself seen the open door of heaven closed in his face.

"Miss Crawford, I am beyond measure shocked to have caused you such pain; I was about to say—not in justification, indeed, but in explanation of my opinions, that there had been reasons unguessed at—"

"But with God nothing shall be impossible," murmured Agnes, under her breath; "why did not I think of that before? Yes, yes—I beg your pardon, sir, you were saying—"

"I was about to tell you something that has been a secret between me and the dead for many a year. Promise me to keep it, when you have heard it, as though it had never been told."

"I promise."

"Listen, then." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HUSBAND WHO USES TOBACCO.

He sits in the chair from morning till night,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out,
'Tis chew, chew, chew;
Now a cloud of smoke comes from his throat,
Then his mouth sends a constant stream afloat,
Sufficient to carry a mill or a boat,
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a smoke or fog,
'Tis puff, puff, puff;
He growls at his wife, the cat, and the dog,
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only reply when I give him a jog,
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all over, from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke;
To whatever room my way I wend,
If I take his old clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ascend,
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear,
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

☞ At the University Convention at Albany, a teacher stated that certain kinds of food were more nourishing to the brain than others. He stated that "if a scholar cannot resolve a problem easily, his brain should be strengthened by a good dish of tripe. The superiority of Scotchmen is owing to oat meal, and the degeneracy of the present inhabitants of Massachusetts to the use of fine wheat flour."

☞ The Paris Liberte tells the following story of Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian:—"The Colonel was one day surprised at the head of a squadron by a considerable ambush of the enemy. As heroism is not positively his forte, he commanded a retreat, and turned his horse's head. In his flight the animal received a ball and fell. A soldier, in his extreme peril, took the Colonel up behind him, but the horse having double weight, slacked his pace, and the enemy approached rapidly. Lopez understood that if nothing was done they were both lost; and so he drew a pistol from his belt, shot the soldier in the back, threw down the corpse, and then escaped alone."

☞ A sub-dean was talking to a dean about titles accorded to church dignitaries, in the tone of a man who feels himself aggrieved. "An archbishop," said he, "is a most reverend, a bishop is a reverend, and a dean is a very reverend. Don't you think a sub-dean should have some prefix of the kind?" "Well, yes," answered his superior, "I certainly agree with you. How would *rather reverend* do?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 7, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ulswater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

Conscience as a Detective.

"Oh, coward Conscience, how thou dost afflict me!" exclaimed the immortal bard. Of course, he meant to say "accuse me," for in his time, and even long before, conscience was a sort of public accuser and prosecutor. It has also always played a prominent part as a detective—has been, in fact, a veritable Chief of Detectives. It had much to do, though not in the interest of the internal revenue, in exposing the illicit distillation of apple-juice on the part of our first parents, as well as in exposing Cain's first attempt at a quibble. It even played the part of public executioner in the famous case of Ananias and Sapphira; and I have always imagined that it must have made Peter think that that cock crowed with unusual and unnecessary force. It is an immense source of revenue to the Church of Rome at this day; and even under the State and Church governmental organization of the early Puritans it controlled, in a great measure, their corporation rings. In fact, it has been in all ages and countries a strong instrument of truth and justice; and has done more than any other one power, faculty, or thing, to give universal acceptance to the old saying that "murder will out."

There are many remarkable instances of the singular way in which conscience has hunted down criminals. It hunted down John H. Surratt: the story of his flight and detection is one of the most remarkable of these narratives on record. At the moment the murder of Mr. Lincoln was committed by Booth, Surratt was on his way from Montreal to Washington city to act as an accomplice, and had reached the town of Elmira, New York, when he first heard that the horrible deed was done. He immediately turned to fly, and made his way to Canada without suspicion, and was concealed there for several months. So completely lost was all trace of him that the Government expended a great deal of money in searching for him at the South, and a man who resembled him was arrested in Mississippi, and confined for many weeks in Washington. In September, 1865—five months after the commission of the crime and the withdrawal of the proclamation offering a reward for his arrest, so entirely lost was all trace of him—Surratt took passage, under an assumed name and thoroughly disguised, in the Quebec steamer Peruvian for Liverpool. On board he introduced himself to the surgeon, L. J. McMillian. Although McMillian had up to that time been a perfect stranger to him, not even his opinions on our war being known to the criminal, Surratt insisted on talking about himself. No other subject seemed to have any interest for him; and so persistently did he refer to himself and his exploits, that Surgeon McMillian began to look on him as a weak-minded egotist. At first he represented that he had been a Rebel spy, and told marvellous tales of his exploits; next he told, in great confidence, that he had planned with Booth the abduction, not the assassination, of President Lincoln; then that the Government had very unjustly hung his mother, exclaiming in his passion that he "hoped to live long enough to serve Andrew Johnson as he had served Lincoln." And finally, impelled by his guilty conscience or that singular vanity possessed by many great criminals, announced that he was John H. Surratt. Before this his track had been completely covered; he was perfectly safe from suspicion or arrest; his conscience, "stealing away his brains," led him to talk, talk, talk; and now it appears, by the official correspondence of the State Department, that this confession of identity to Surgeon McMillian was the first positive trace obtained of him. He was closely watched, but finally mysteriously disappeared, and all trace of him was again lost, until conscience impelled him, through his insane desire to talk of himself, to seek a confidant in a comrade in the Papal Zouaves, in which troop he had enlisted. Mr. Detective Conscience found a co-operator in this man, and, aided by him, the agents of the Government again resumed the pursuit. Arrested, Surratt escaped and fled to Alexandria, Egypt, but was again arrested and sent to this country. On the voyage he repeatedly denied that he was Surratt; but on being asked, on his arrival at Washington, in an authoritative tone by the United States Marshal, "Is your name John H. Surratt?" he quickly and nervously answered affirmatively. The pursuit of Surratt was continued for nearly two years. If any reward for his detection is ever paid it will doubtless go to McMillian and St. Marie; but it should, in all justice and honesty, be transferred to Treasurer Spinner's "Conscience Fund," for undoubtedly Surratt was hunted down by his own guilty conscience, and the chief witnesses against him have been, as one might say, subpœnaed by conscience.

There has lately been recorded another less prominent but not less remarkable instance in which conscience has revealed a crime, and given additional proof that Hudibras was right when he declared that

"Ill-gotten gains befog men's brains;
Ill-gotten wealth reveals the stealth."

A paymaster in the United States Navy, named Belknap, was robbed in 1863 of Government funds to the amount of $130,000. His safe was broken open and the money extracted in the most mysterious manner; no trace was left by the burglars, and their success was complete. Mr. Belknap could not explain his loss, much less give any clue to the robbers; the burglary became more complicated the more it was inquired into; and finally Mr. Belknap fell under suspicion, and a Board of Inquiry had his name dropped from the rolls. Nothing could be proved against him, however, and no criminal prosecution followed. But Mr. Belknap was not content to remain quiet under the unjust suspicion of the Government, and actively continued his search for the culprits. Nearly three years were spent in the search without finding any clue likely to lead to the detection of the robbers, when a professional detective heard that a broker in Wall street, named Dewitt C. Wright, had declared that Paymaster Belknap had lost the money at cards. The detective, who appears to have held this theory to be the true one, sought Mr. Wright and heard the declaration from his own lips. He also promised to give full particulars of the time, place, and circumstances under which the money had been lost; but though repeatedly urged to do so, finally avoided giving the facts in detail. The detective set to work, and soon satisfied himself beyond doubt that Belknap had never gambled in his life. Naturally this discovery led to inquiries as to the motives of Wright in making the statement; inquiries led to suspicions; suspicions were confirmed by certain facts elicited. A year was devoted to learning about Wright's antecedents. By this time he had left New York and gone into business at Charleston, South Carolina. Here he was dogged, hunted down and finally arrested, it having been discovered that he had not only committed the burglary in question, but many others, and that he had been a desperate character in England. The sole clue by which he was dogged, and finally detected, was furnished by himself in his insane and useless attempt to further secure his own safety by destroying the character of the man he had robbed.

Conscience has not only done universal service as a detective, but has played a not insignificant national part as a United States Revenue officer; and a very considerable amount stands on the books of United States Treasurer Francis E. Spinner to the credit of the "Conscience Fund," as the account is technically called. The history of the "Conscience Fund" is not without interest and entertainment. The account was opened in 1861, soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion, and on the receipt of the sum of $5,000, forwarded in bonds, and accompanied by a statement that the restitution which had long been due the Government was prompted by Conscience. This gave the account its name. It has since remained open, and all amounts returned to the Treasury in consequence of the prickings of the inward monitor (which in too many instances seems to be iron-clad) have been credited to it until it showed, at the end of 1866, a balance of over thirty-five thousand dollars. The sums vary in size, ranging from one cent, contributed by one who signed himself "Beggar Jimmy," to the original remittance of $5,000. Treasurer Spinner has preserved a great many of the letters which accompanied the remittances, and by his kindness in severing the red tape of the establishment I was enabled to get copies of a few of the more interesting. The majority of *bona fide* conscientious correspondents either gave no explanation, or contented themselves with very brief statements of the reasons for the return of the money, without attempting the bootless task of working upon the tender feelings of Treasury officials. Judging from these letters, the correspondents are chiefly those who have defrauded the Government while acting as its agents and officers, or who have evaded the Internal Revenue taxes or customs duties. Among the more interesting of the letters of the *bona fide* conscience-stricken are the following:—

"Dear Sir:—Several years ago a small sum of money belonging to the United States was left in my hands with an order from the Department, to which it belonged, to me to retain it till payment should be required by the Department. This requisition has never been made, and probably never will be. As the property is not mine, I send it, with interest added, to you, knowing you will put it to the use of the United States, to whom it belongs. The sum was originally $50. I inclose $100, thinking that will discharge my obligations. May I ask a brief intimation to the public press that the inclosed $100 has reached you safely?

"With high consideration, a lover of our glorious Union, which will live and flourish for ages through the power and mercy of God, if we prove ourselves worthy of such interposition, if not—not.

"Hon. Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States."

It can hardly be said that this restitution was dictated by conscience, as the writer would have been justified in retaining it. It is related of Mr. Lincoln that a sum was left by the Government in his hands on his retirement from a position as a country postmaster. Many years after a demand was made for it, when he promptly drew forth an old stocking from his desk, and delivered up the exact sum in the very pieces of coin received by him years before.

"May, 1866.—Sir:—Enclosed are twenty-five hundred dollars due U. S. Treasury. Please cause this sum to be placed to the credit of the same obliged"

The Treasury clerk who opened the mail bringing this letter was somewhat exercised at finding that it contained only $1,500 instead of $2,500 as stated therein. But this was accounted for by the following, received a short time afterwards:

"Sir:—Enclosed are One Thousand Dollars (1,000). Please place this sum to credit of United States Treasury. It is the balance of my indebtedness to United States Internal Revenue Dept. I remitted $1,500 some weeks since."

The following contain suggestions which, if received and acted upon by all who were equally guilty, when in the army, of the same practices, would go a great way towards hastening an early return to specie payment:

"Boston, February 15, 1866.—Sir:—Enclosed is check for $190. I will briefly explain why it is there. I have been in the U. S. Service and a part of the time with rank which entitled me to two servants. I drew pay for two, but actually had but one. It was the common practice of officers to do this, and the Paymasters were well aware of it. But though I do not think it exactly a wrong to the Gov't, it is yet a *wrong*, and I have always regretted doing it. I entered the army poor and sick—too poor, in fact, to get along well without a clear conscience.

"But is it right for Government to hold up such a premium to her officers to evasion of the exact truth? Ask tens of thousands who have done as I did this question.

"Very respectfully,
"JOHN L. MARKHAM.

"P. S.—The above is estimated for seven months with int at 7 3-10. I hardly need say that the name is assumed. J. L. M."

"To the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.—I transmit herewith Ninety-one Dollars and thirty cents money that my conscience tells me I cannot keep commutation money for a servant that I elected when I was not entitled to it and not having a servant employed. I was a quartermaster Capt & A. Q. M. and having 'contrabands' employed in the Dept. I used one as my servant and charged for my servant also, which was wrong. I send the money with interest at 7.30 per cent. Also commutation for a servant for 20 days while I was not on duty and had no servant employed.

"Amount $92-30. Respectfully, &c."

Many of the letters on file in the Department are from jocose correspondents, who have not scrupled to make light of so serious a matter as to address to the Treasurer pretended "conscience letters," whose humor, or desperate attempts at it, were far in excess of the money inclosed. Among the best of these humorous letters is the following:

"Sir:—Enclosed please find seventy-five cents (75) fractional currency, won from a U. S. Paymaster at draw poker, and which I am convinced rightly belongs to 'Uncle Samuel.' I have carried it for nearly six months, and dare not trust myself with it longer. Once, in an unguarded moment, I offered it to the door-keeper of Canterbury, but that incorruptible sentinel gave a look of reproof from the toe of his boot which went to my heart—or thereabouts. I came home a wiser and a madder man, and am determined to follow the noble example of many of my countrymen. My conscience calls for relief—My harrassed nature demands the luxury of a good night's sleep. I can have neither so long as I carry these terrible witnesses. They haunt me day and night. They are more frightful in my eyes than the last fifty cent issue which the little children are buying up for comic valentines. Take it and do what you can with it. You can at least sell it for old paper, and let the proceeds apply in liquidation of the national debt.

"Now can I feel a realization of the proverb 'Be virtuous, and you will be happy!' Now can I feel an assurance that in years yet to come, it may be said of my children (yet to come), 'they were of poor but honest parients!'

"Please acknowledge receipt through the morning papers, and request them to put it in double-leaded lines, just beneath the regular standing editorial on Reconstruction. Conscientiously yours, PROBITY."

Enclosed in this were a fifty-cent note and a twenty-five cent note, both counterfeit. From the style and careful punctuation of this letter, and the request that it be inserted in "double-leaded lines," it was surmised that it was probably from a correspondent of a newspaper or some one connected with the press.

"Sir:—A clear conscience softens the hardest bed—a proverb says—and as I am a poor government clerk my bed is very hard and needs much softening—so I herewith return money which I cannot conscientiously keep—having loafed considerably the other day.

"Yours respectfully, C. M. H."

Inclosed in this was a fragment—a little more than half—of a dilapidated five-cent note.

Here is a quiet thrust at Congress:

"Aug. 8th, 1866.—Sir:—The Enclosed Dilapidated 10 cent Note is from a Conscience Stricken Soldier who Received just that much more *Bounty* than he ought to in 1862 and as the last act Passed by our Noble and Generous Congress gives an Extra 100 Dollars why he is afraid he will get too much under the last act you will Oblige him very much by investing the Enclosed 10 cents *Fractional* Currency in the Great National Soldiers Gift Concert and Draw a Brick house (if you can) and give it to the Fenians.

"Yours truly Ho. Bo."

"*to the honable treasurer of the U. S. A.*

"please find inclosed $22 due the U. S post office department consious money from an unfaithful officer who has repented."

It was suggested by the matter-of-fact Treasurer, who enjoys his joke hugely, that the writer hadn't thoroughly and entirely repented, as the inclosure was short 75 cents of the amount stated, and contained $1.50 counterfeit notes.

Thus much for Conscience as a revenue-officer. It will readily be admitted that he hasn't done his whole duty in this line, and has not been so successful as a Collector as in his role of Detective. At least so Treasurer Spinner is convinced. Talking of the "conscience letters" on file in his office, he once said, no doubt with as much truth as good humor, that "it is to be regretted that the workings of the spirit which animated the writers has not been more extensively experienced and obeyed by more important offenders; for I venture the statement that if all the big rascals had followed the example of the smaller ones who have contributed to the 'conscience fund,' we would have extinguished the national debt long ago."

"'Tis never too late to mend," and some of the "big rascals" may yet take warning, or become conscience-stricken.—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

☞ A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who, for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming: "No, no, that you never shall. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now!"

☞ Rev. E. E. Hale says the adjective "blamed" is the virtuous oath by which simple people, who are improving their habits, cure themselves of a stronger epithet, just as men who are abandoning tobacco take to flagroot.

How a Kingdom was Lost.

An Oriental king, despotic and capricious, one day amused himself with the performances of an Indian magician. No evil spirit from the regions of darkness could surpass this man in the fearful accomplishments of his art. He seemed to possess a subtle power over the wills and tempers of men, as well as over the elements and operations of nature. His jugglery greatly fascinated the credulous monarch, who smiled increased satisfaction at every new exhibition of the man's wonderful power. His surprise and delight, however, reached a boisterous climax, when the magician took suddenly the power of utterance from the Grand Vizier, who had just made a disparaging comment on his skill.

The high functionary glared fearful revenge from his dilating eyes, and his foolish attempts to speak only served to increase the merriment of the king and the assembled courtiers. This was the crowning feat. Triumphantly the magician was gathering up his instruments,—crowding crucible, tripid and incense pans, into a capacious bag, when the king cried:

"Hold, mighty magician! restore to this man the use of his tongue, and he shall give thee that belt of gems, which, by my faith, might well befit royalty itself."

The dusky face of the sorcerer lighted up as he stretched out his lank hand for the treasure, which the poor minister, loth to part with, was slowly unfastening.

His wicked eyes gloated a moment over the costly article, then hiding it in his bosom, gave to the unfortunate man the use of his tongue, and was about taking his departure, when the king commanded him to remain. This monarch was selfish and cruel as well as credulous, and the proposition he made to the enchanter was characteristic. It was this: For a fabulous amount of treasure, he was to silence forever, completely and irretrievably, the tongues of all the women in the kingdom.

The magician regarded the king with open-eyed astonishment. He looked up into the lofty dome, then down at the gay mats. This was an unanticipated test of his skill. He hesitated—he trembled violently. Whether he feared it was beyond the power of an angel or demon to silence a woman's tongue, or whether this far-sighted man recoiled from the disastrous consequences which might follow, does not appear; certain it is, the sorcerer was embarrassed. The monarch softly insinuated:

"The mighty Punjaub has not thy equal among his five waters," but, perceiving his hesitancy, and also a slight movement on his part to place the sweeping folds of the curtained door between himself and royal patronage, the king grasped his robe. "Quickly, quickly, I'll double the reward," cried he. "Do not trifle with me! I am terrible! The sons of presumption are already blind with the flash of my scimetar, and tortured knaves die at my whisper!"

"Sire," said the affrighted magician, "wouldst thou not spare the devoted, the soft-voiced women? They breathe a crown of benediction for thy head, and enchant the pavillions of thy supreme majesty with the melody of paradise. Oh, king! if her voice die, earth's sweetest sounds will die also, for it is the embodiment of them all."

"Hist, barbarian! what knowest thou of all this? I tell thee, there is no howl of tempest, nor scream of bird, no hiss of serpent, nor laugh of demon, that can compare with the voice of Zobeide, and she is only one. Gossip, lies, conspiracies and rebellion, have I traced to their diabolical tongues. They have caused the downfall of kingdoms, and the failure of the most righteous of governments. By the white steed of the Prophet, thou shalt do this thing!"

He paused, then his voice sweetly modulated. "Magician, I love thee, and will give thee vessels, encrusted with rubies and emeralds, chains of sapphire and amethyst, if thou wilt instantly and forever seal those chattering tongues—ease me of this one torment of my existence!"

The magician looked incredulous. Then the king produced his treasure, and the temptation that lies in gold and in the gleam of precious stones, overcame the scruples of the sorcerer, and from that moment a demon fell upon the daughters of that land. With every curl of the incense, with every word of the incantation, it deepened and spread.

Above, amid the fretted arabesque of the dome, it stole like an unhallowed mystery. Singing birds, in their gilded rings, became mute. Below, where the colored light lay like a "shivered rainbow," the fountains, among their towering roses and exotics, showered their diamond drops in silence. The spirit of the waters was dumb. Butterflies and gorgeous humming birds, lured from the sunny terraces without, hushed the drowsy murmur of their wings as they floated through the bright saloon, and a sweet, low voice singing in a distant chamber, faintly, very faintly, came at intervals; then stopped forever. Never again in sunlight or starlight, in sorrow or in joy, shall that voice disturb the peace of aught upon the earth; never again shall its eloquent appealing, its persuasive gentleness be known. It has exhaled like perfumes and is lost. It has ceased like the fading out of a star.

All the exquisite ministry of beauty and love departed as the spell pervaded the lovely precincts of the palace. It rested not. It went out over the great city. It penetrated as well the mansion of the merchant prince as the booth of the poor olive vender—it hushed the din in the bazaar and silenced the loquacious water-carrier. The girl dropped her burden in dismay and wrung her hands. The enchanter pronounced his spell fearfully perfect. The royal ecstacy was unbounded.

Embracing the grinning sorcerer with undignified warmth, the monarch insisted upon his accompanying him to observe the workings of the charm. He betrayed no curiosity, however, in that direction; indeed, he submitted with dogged reluctance, and no sooner did he breathe the fresh air of the outer court, than the wonderful conjurer of the Punjaub started like an arrow from the royal cortege and was gone.

Tradition is silent upon his fate. If ever remorse consumed away an existence, it did his; doubtless, like the winged eye in the Indian story, it tortured him eternally with its sleepless vigilance.

But what a spectacle to excite kingly merriment is this! Crowds of frantic woman in the thoroughfares, wringing their hands and tearing their hair, insanely trying to speak. Stately ladies quite dumb, yet retaining sufficient self-possession to wrap closely their long veils about them, and hurrying with their servants homeward. Pretty, coquettish damsels in airy yashmaks and yellow slippers, flying through the grand bazaar, laughing and weeping, flinging away their purchases, tearing off their veils, and exhibiting here the most woeful distress, and there a frantic surprise that was painfully touching. Like a flock of white pigeons they flew to the doors out into the city. The unwonted spectacle of so many young women with unveiled faces, so startled some old musselmen, that they sneezed violently, and immediately lost their minds.

Oh, magician, shame and confusion must have consumed thee, or is it possible that thou didst laugh at beholding this calamity? No more satisfactory spending of money, no more intelligent interchange of opinion concerning the fashions, no more flirting on the promenade; ah! no more love-making in all that kingdom. But, too fast, we are bringing the matter home. These are the irresistible charms peculiar to the daughters of our own time. The fair Oriental is still in bondage. There is a silly modesty and sly reserve in her nature that are very ancient, as though she would say, "I am nothing, bright sister, but a bird to nestle in your bosom, and sing to you, if you will love me; or a garden zephyr, to whisper in your ear all happy things; or a butterfly, to circle and shine about you, and enchant you with my presence." All this is so barbaric and amusing, but when this vile spell of silence fell upon her, it completed the ruin.

"Come to prayer! come to prayer! God is great!" shouted the muezzins from the gleaming minarets, but the praying women were dumb! Oh, king, where was thy wisdom, thy foresight? Shall a monarch prosper who ignores this source of his greatness? Thou hast indeed, forgotten that the Koran says: "The prayers of the devout women are a wall of defence unto a nation!"

The king hastened on, but presently observing some violent commotion in a booth, gay with silver tissue and scarlet cushions, stopped to enjoy the spectacle. Here was a group of stylish, gossipping dowagers, who but a moment before had been puffing their cigarettes, sipping their coffee, munching their sweetmeats, and at the same time discussing with garrulous satisfaction, any appetizing morsel of scandal concerning the royal harem, or recent moral lapse in their neighbors' conduct. Now, like a scene in a play, everything was changed in a moment. The old ladies became frightfully enraged, each one clutching her neighbor as the fancied cause of witchcraft, and visiting vengeance in violent hair-pulling, face-scratching, and a general flinging about of china cups and saucers. To make the tumult more interesting, one robust lady, who had received the contents of a bowl of conserves on her head, whipped off her slipper, and dealt about her such stinging blows, in such unlooked-for directions, that his majesty, crowding forward to obtain a nearer view, received one of the lady's favors, fair in the face. This was mortifying. A disordered moustache and a red nose are becoming to but few, and certainly did not improve the appearance of the Brother of the Sun. The syrup running down over her eyes, obscured a nice perception of situations, and she followed up her momentary advantage by clearing the booth—king, retinue and all, retiring with no little precipitancy.

The new order of things exhibited a multitude of sad and mirthful scenes. For many hours the royal cortege enjoyed themselves as never before. Anon, the sun began to decline in the west, and the king was sated. The harsh voices of men, and the prolonged, rude sounds of tumult and traffic, unsoftened by the sweet undertone of lapping fountains, singing birds, and the voices of a gentler humanity, began to grate upon the monarch's sensitive ear. It became at length unbearable, and he bent his steps languidly towards the palace.

All its magnificence was distasteful to him. He wandered from one saloon to another, oppressed in spirit and very miserable. A sudden thought struck him—a half found hope that perhaps Zobeide had escaped, urged him to hurry to her side. His footsteps sounded upon the tesselated pavement like a doom; at length he paused, and through the hush, the sad, lovely face raised its eyes, full of mournful, beseeching and tender rebuke.

"Beautiful Odalesque! dove-eyed Zobeide!" said the monarch, in his most winning way. Not a word could she utter! She nestled down frigid and impassive among her rose-colored cushions, and swayed her jeweled fan.

A shade of supreme vexation passed over the monarch's face.

"Speak, my Zobeide! Thy breath is the perfume of lilies, and thy voice the love-note of the bulbul among the roses! Not a word? Oh, torment of torments! Oh, most miserable of men that I am! Gazelle, wilt thou evermore be torturing me with those appealing eyes?—will they goad me in the sunlight and consume me in the shadow? Forbid it, Great Prophet!"

Thus did the recreant Oriental feel keenly how much of the exquisite charm of society, the grace and satisfaction of existence, lay in the gentle voice of woman. From that day the great monarch descended in the scale of human intelligence. Commerce, arts and religion languished in that kingdom. The restraining element in society had been destroyed, and his subjects became unsurpassed in crime and degradation.

As the news spread, his realm became the jest of surrounding kingdoms. Anarchy and ruin at length claimed it for their own, and obliterated it from the list of nations.

The fate of this people claims more than a passing regret. It is eloquent with warning. An incipient leaning of men's minds towards the barbarism of that day is discoverable in regard to this matter. Some have openly averred that woman's tongue possesses more volume than sweetness, more length than discretion, more pertinacity than wisdom.

This is simply an antique misapprehension, taken up by minds of dull perceptions and low intellectual range.

Humanity, however, is prone to regard lightly its choicest blessings. Sunshine has even been traduced. A woman's gentle voice, like sunshine, needs no praise, as it is above all eulogy. Yet the poets have said acceptable things many times, and they show a just appreciation when they declare her voice to be light, beauty, and perfume made audible, an echo from Paradise.

☞ "Papa," said my bright-eyed little girl to me one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me." I held doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," she said at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the b'ggest, and *it takes more to love you.*"

☞ It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else.

Original Fables.

Too Tight Makes Loose.

Fizz went the beer through the hole from which it had driven the peg!

The master hammered the peg in tight.

Fizz—fizz—fizz went the beer through a seam in the cask!

The master plastered the seam with pitch.

Bang went the beer through the bunghole all over the cellar!

"It's a pity!" said the old Barrel, standing nearly empty, "but, if he had but left it a little liberty and breathing room, it wouldn't have taken the law into its own hands."

How to Dispose of Suspicious Attentions.

"Oh, you dear creatures!" cried the Sparrows to the Chickens, who had just begun their barley; "we couldn't rest without coming to see you: It seems such ages since our last visit!"

"Thank you, friends," said a cute young Chick; "I'm sure we are greatly obliged to you; and, as you are so deeply interested in us, it is only right to tell you that if you would come to inquire after us at any other than *feeding time* (which we notice you always choose for your visits), it would be much more to our profit, and, of course, to your *disinterested* satisfaction."

The Charity that Covereth Faults and Infirmities.

"Dear Moss!" said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come!" said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old Thatch looked gloriously in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

Some Chance for the Silent.

Ned had such a solemn face; he looked so wise, and moved so deliberately and discreetly, that every one on the common, when he first went there, felt a respect for him.

"He is a reflecting fellow, I should think!" remarked the Dun Cow, as she watched him grazing, while she chewed the cud. "I like your reflecting people!"

"Oh, yes; and he is evidently sensible and discriminating," said the old Mare. "You see how he follows *me* wherever I go; at a distance, and quietly, but very constantly."

"That is because he has found out that you know where the best pasture is," said Dobbin, dryly; "and certainly it shows his sagacity. I have no doubt when we get more intimate with him we shall all be much delighted with his society."

Ned was so tickled with these flattering opinions of his merits that he stuck up his head and gave two or three loud brays.

"Who'd have thought it," said the Dun Cow, "he is nothing but an ass, *after* all!"

Too Good to be True.

"Bob! Bob!" cried the Sparrows in high delight to a Robin that was hopping about picking up what he could find; "such capital news; the men of the farm have taken pity upon us, and, knowing how much trouble we have in getting a living, they have thrown down over so much corn; they have, indeed! There it is, open to any one; come off, for fear it should be all gone."

"Stop a minute," said Bob; "what made them put it there; was it for their own convenience?"

"It couldn't be *that*," said the Sparrows; "for it is thrown about in every direction."

"And no *hud me dude* put up to frighten us off," said Bob, with a skeptical cock of his head.

"Not one," said the Sparrows; "it is a clear case of benevolence; the corn is meant for us, depend on it."

"Let them eat it that believe it," said Robin; "I have faith in Miss Lily, when she throws me crumbs in the winter, and I pick them up without fear; but I must have a better opinion of the friendship of the *men* and their love for us than I have, before I venture on what I little doubt is only a poisoned bait. Don't you see that it is far too good to be true? Take my advice, and be content with a bit here and a bit there, as I am, eating in safety, and don't risk your whole welfare on such suspicious offers."

Vain-Glorious Boasts End in Shame.

"Did you hear how the fox ran into Farmer Brown's yard and frightened every one to death?" said the Speckled Hen to the rest; and they all gathered round her to listen to the story.

"Don't be nervous, ladies," said a grand-looking Cock, strutting up and down before them. "Remember you are under *my protection!*"

"The fox! the fox!" screamed the Hens; and in he actually ran, the hounds after him.

The valiant Cock flew up to the top of the wall, while the Hens scattered off as fast as they could into the roosting place.

"He is gone!" cried one, peeping out. "Oh, yes; he is gone!" said the rest; and they came, one by one, very cautiously down the roost ladder, and landed in the yard.

"Is he gone?" cried the Cock from the wall.

"Yes, quite gone," they all cried.

"Then I may come down too," he said, and strutted about as before.

"I wouldn't leave my post, you see, ladies, while there was any danger," he said, majestically.

"Who doubts that?" said Shock, who had heard him promise to protect them. "You are a brave defender, indeed. If your ladies had not had the roost to fly to, you would have helped them much from the top of yon wall!"

"Pray, sir, what *was* I to do?" said the Cock, much disconcerted and offended.

"Oh, of course," said Shock; "you couldn't do anything but take care of yourself; and I don't blame you for doing that, but for blustering about what you know you couldn't do. False pretences always make people contemptible."

Judged by the Truth.

"What Ass come to us all! Yesterday, we had irreproachable fleeces—a faint blemish here or there, perhaps, but on the whole fair and comely. To-day, if I am like you, we are, altogether, the dingiest flock that ever stocked a meadow."

"Son," replied the old Sheep to the young one, which, with much perplexity, had thus addressed him, "we are just as we were yesterday, when you so admired us, and thought us, with yourself, cleanly and bright; but you behold us now in contrast with this faultless snow which fell last night, and which, by revealing our true color, shows how far—how very far—we are from purity."

A Mistake About Dress.

"See how pretty we look in our spring dresses, *I* and the Hedges," said the black old Thatch, covered with bright green moss.

"Do you hear her?" said the Hedges; "does she fancy because she puts on our colors people will think there is youth in her as in us? Poor old thing! she little knows that where her mantle is cracked she shows through, darker and uglier from the vivid contrast of her bright and youthful array."

The Lowest Fall is from the Highest Place.

"Mother!" cried a young Lion, "what a grand thing it is to be king of the forest, and to reign in glory, making every heart shake with the sound of one's voice—listen!" and he roared till the air around trembled, and all the creatures fled in terror.

"Yes, my son," answered the old Lioness; "*it is* a grand thing, no doubt;" and he said again—

"I, though so young, can already master an ox. In a few years I shall be in my prime, and then what will withstand me? I long for the time!"

"Be satisfied to wait," said the Lioness; "remember that when *that* time comes it will bring another behind it, when your strength will have departed, and you will see one of two things before you—death by starvation, or slaughter by one of the animals who now fly before you, and are contemptible in your sight. In this respect a lion is no better off than a mouse; and there is this to be said also, that, while the mouse has so little to lose, he will scarcely feel the change in his condition, the lion must smart with anguish unutterable, remembering what he once possessed."

Balanced Burthens Come Light.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow! What, *two* loads?" said a Pack Horse to a friend, who had a burthen hanging from each side. "I should have thought the one I saw you with yesterday was enough, without weighing you down with another."

"Thank you for your pity," said the Friend; "you are kind, but master is very wise, and has done well by giving me this second load. *It serves to balance the other*, so that I feel both less now than I did one before."

Vain Curiosity.

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie, just as the mole came out of his burrow.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Mole.

"Because I should exceedingly like to know," said the Magpie.

"I can't tell you, although I am almost always underground. I go but very little way down; so ask the trees, their roots penetrate far below me."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" said the Magpie to the old Elm, in which her nest was built.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Elm.

"Oh, I should like to know, above all things," said the Magpie.

"How can I tell? My roots strike deep indeed, but are yet a short distance from the surface. The rivers go lower down than the oldest and deepest of us. Ask the rivers."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie of the broad river that flowed by the old elm.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the River.

"Oh, I should be so pleased to find out," said the Magpie.

"Then you must be taught by the wisdom that spread me abroad," said the River. "I indeed am deep, and my stream is wide, but I know nothing beyond my limits. If you want *knowledge* such as lies in our range, I can teach you, or the old elm can teach you, or the mole can teach you—each according to his experience; but, if you only want to indulge a vain curiosity, know that no honest teacher who deals in the truth will be able to satisfy you."

Post-Mortem Praise.

"Do you remember Drover?" said Shag to his friend Tray.

"What, the shepherd dog on the hill?" asked Tray.

"Ay; a rough, slouchy-looking fellow: half rust and half dirt color," said Shag.

"Oh, yes," said Tray; "I remember him very well—slow and sleepy, rather. They said he liked eating and sleeping better than work."

"To be sure they did," said Shag; "to hear their talk about him, you would think he might die twenty times over without being missed."

"Is he dead, then?" inquired Tray.

"He is," said Shag; "and, to hear the fuss they are making about him, you would say the world must stand still without him—such a *beauty* he was—so *faithful*, so *clever*, so *discreet*; in short, I doubt if such a paragon of perfection, in the shape of a dog, ever existed before, or ever will appear again."

"You don't say so!" said Tray.

"I do; and what do you think? they're going to have him stuffed; they are, truly!" said Shag.

"Never!" said Tray. "How long have they found all this out about him?"

"Oh, only since he died," said Shag.

"That's the way with 'em," said Tray: "he got many a hard word and sharp kick, while he was alive, that he didn't deserve, and now he is dead they make all this ado about him with about as little reason."

☞ Guizot has just completed his eightieth year. On that occasion he wrote to his friend Viennet, the great writer of fables and the Nestor of the French Academy, saying: "Tell me how I must live to get up to ninety?" Viennet replied: "Write fables." An academic friend of both, on hearing of this interesting correspondence, exclaimed, "Then let us have another volume of Guizot's Memoirs, and he will be saved."

'TWAS EVER THUS.

I never reared a young gazelle,
(Because, you see, I never tried,)
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle!

I never loved a tree or flower;
But if I had, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he will go living on—
I would he were a tree or flower.

☞ A Wisconsin farmer says his farm is too small to stack his crops.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Strains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar5-eowtf

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When you feel a Cough or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and cure it before it becomes incurable. sep7-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Aug., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. William J. Turner to Miss Mary E. Ziegler, daughter of J. Q. A. Ziegler, U. S. M., both of this city.

On the 22d of Aug., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Benjamin F. Lovine, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Maggie Martin, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 17th of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Uriah Heathen to Miss Annie M. Eccleston, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Harry F. Allerin to Miss Mary V. Jones, both of this city.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. G. Cram, Mr. Charles W. Wilson to Miss Margaret F. Cross, both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. Jos. D. Newlin, Richard Kemp, Esq., of Baltimore, Md., to Mrs. Jemima M. Mitchell, daughter of the late Wm. B. Callicot, Esq., of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Aug., William Harbon, in his 68th year.

On the 26th of Aug., John Elkinton, in his 42d year.

On the 26th of Aug., Thomas Rowland, in his 77th year.

On the 25th of Aug., Samuel B. West, of Moorestown, N. J., in his 42d year.

On the 23th of Aug., Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Thos. W. Clinton, in her 59th year.

On the 26th of Aug., Sarah A. Gainey, in her 28th year.

On the 24th of Aug., Mrs. Sarah A. Griffiths, in her 85th year.

On the 21th of Aug., Jacob Conrad, in his 50th year.

On the 23d of Aug., John H. Jackson, in his 37th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. Sales of 5000 bbls at $7@8 for superfine; $8@10,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra; $10@13 for old stock and fresh ground Pennsylvania and Ohio family; $11@12,25 for fair to choice North-West family; and $13,50@14,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour—100 bbls sold at $9.

GRAIN—There has been less doing in Wheat. About 20,000 bus sold at $2,25@2,35 for common to prime new red; $2,40@2,45 for choice do; and $2,65@2,80 ₩ bus for white, the latter rate for prime Kentucky. Rye—2000 bus sold in lots at from $1,60@1,70 ₩ bus for new and old. Corn—10,000 bus sold at $1,25@1,26 for prime yellow; $1,23 for Western do, and $1,21@1,24 ₩ bus for Western mixed. Oats—25,000 bus sold at from 60 up to 65c ₩ bus, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited; small sales are making at $21,50@25 per bbl for new mess Pork; 20@20c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 17@18c for pickled do; 12½c for salt Shoulders, and 13½@17½c ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef—City packed sells at $27,50@28. Butter—Old is held at 8@10c, and new at $12@17c. Cheese is quiet; sales at 12@15c. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—600 bales of middlings sold at 27@28c for Uplands, and 28@29c for New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales of 1st No. 1 Quercitron are reported at $43 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales at 41@42c for yellow.

COAL—The market continues dull. The nominal cargo rates are $4@4,25 ₩ ton for white ash; $4,50@4,75 for red ash; $4,10@4,15 for Locust Mountain, and $3,25 for Lehigh broken and prepared.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 60@65 for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 6@7½c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 9@9½c, and halves at 10@10½c ₩ lb, and Dried Blackberries at 8@8½c ₩ lb. Green Peaches are selling at from 30c to $1,05 ₩ basket.

HOPS—Small sales at from 59@70c.

IRON—Foundry Iron; small sales at $44 for No 1, $39@40 for No. 2 and $35@36 for Forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@45 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Small sales Cloverseed are reported at $8,50@9 ₩ bus. Timothy; 700 bus sold at $2,75@3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,75 ₩ bus.

WOOL—The market has been very dull. Small sales are making at from 53@56c for extra; 52@53c for fine; 47@48c for medium; 42@43c for coarse; 30@35c for unwashed; 45@53c for tub, and 32@33c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The prices realized from 16@16½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10@10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who insure the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

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will be sent gratis to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

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ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

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THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $3.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's o. 8 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

SEASIDE SONG.

Sing now upon the silent shore
The saddest of thy songs, O Sea!
And send its dirge-like melody
O'er thy dark waves to me.

I gave a richly-freighted bark
To sail with thee at golden morn,
And now on thy white-crested waves
To me the wreck is borne.

From crested waves! will ye not bear
Me on to some remoter strand,
Where now, perchance, my gold and gems
Lie scattered on the sand?

"O, never more," thy surges say,
Breaking along the sullen shore,
"'Twas love and hope we bore from thee,
And they return no more."

Daniel and Ezekiel Webster.

A Boscawen farmer came many years ago into the office of the Statesman and illustrated the difference between the economic habits of the brothers Webster in the following way:—"Ezekiel," he said, "having a cord of wood at his office door, would say to a laboring man, 'Mr. Jones, there is a cord of wood, to be sawed twice, split, and carried up stairs. What will you do it for?' 'One dollar,' replies Jones. 'But, my dear man, you can complete the job by the middle of the afternoon, and you do not pretend to ask more than a dollar a day. Come, say seventy-five cents, and the money is yours.'" Jones yields and does the work.

"Daniel," he continued, "having a cord of wood to be served in the same way, calls the first man who comes along, and says, 'I wish you would properly prepare the wood for my stove, and take it up stairs.' When the work is done, the laborer is asked what is to pay, and says 'One dollar, sir.' 'One dollar!' says Mr. Webster; 'why, man, you can't afford to work so cheap as that; here is a dollar and a half, and call again when you see wood at my office door.'"—*N. H. Statesman.*

To view the Paris exhibition, according to an English writer's calculation, it is necessary to devote on an average five minutes to the glass case of each exhibitor. These number, it is stated, 45,000. It would therefore take 225,000 minutes, making 3,750 hours, or 156 days 6 hours; that is 5 months, 6 days, and 6 hours, reckoning 24 hours for each day. But as the interior of the place can only be visited from 10 o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, there are only eight hours at the visitor's disposal instead of 24. One would therefore be occupied in the inspection 15 months, 20 days, 2 hours.

☞ A few days ago a man got out of the cars at Peoria, Ill., with a large bag in his hand, which he carried very carefully. After walking up the street a short distance he put his bag down, untied it and lifted out a good-sized boy. He had brought him several miles as baggage and without having him checked.

☞ An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, says: "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

SUNSET.

I watched the summer night come down,
With silent step o'er hill and lea;
The sunset clouds were all aflame,
And all aflame the rosy sea!
I said, to simply live seems joy,
To breathe this balmy air is bliss,
Oh, would that when I come to die,
It might be such a night as this.

With heaven seemingly so near,
So filled with golden, glowing light,
The air above so fresh and clear,
The ground with countless roses bright:
Methinks that I could yield my breath
Without a fear, without a sigh,
Could the last scene mine eyes beheld,
Be such a world and such a sky!

But even as I spoke, the sun
Had called his fleeting glory in;
A sullen storm with angry brow,
Came up where all the light had been;
A moaning wind came off the sea,
Would fill a sinking heart with dread;
The night was dark with coming rain,
A raven flapped his wings o'erhead!

Ah me, I sighed, 'tis ever thus,
The night will still obscure the day;
The fairest things the earth can bring,
E'en while we gaze will fade away;
Each fleeting hour its secret brings,
No mortal hand may hold the key;
The world is full of wondrous things,
And life like death is mystery.

INDIOS BRAVOS.*

"The Aztec children?" said Vansten one night. "Why see here, sir," laying his freshly-shaped plug impressively on my arm: "I guess I had acquaintance with that 'do' from its first hatch to the full fledging, when it soared up the empyrean, and alighted in the high-class palaces of England. The durned little Samboes! They were born, sir, at Decora, in San Salvador. I knew old Burgos, their father, an' Christina, their mother, an' I'd have been acquainted with their grand-parents, if they'd had any in partic'ar. The children were just common Samboes; an' if scientific folk knew their business, they'd ha' seen these were not a mite more cur'ous than an almighty pile of sim'lar vermin thereabouts. A Spaniard got 'em first, but he lost heart, an' sold 'em to the Down-Easter for one hundred dollars apiece. They said down to Chagres as it were dear flesh; but Yankee smartness hadn't been rightly measured then. Why, I hear the pair is going to be married! It's high prime joking, that is!"

"That's so," said Frazer, thoughtfully—"that's all so; but the Itzimaya—it may be fact for all that. Tell yer what it is, boys," raising his head; "this age is getting that dang'rously keen an' clever, it'll lose all its little wits soon! Now, I'd like to hear—it's what I never heard yet—why the scientific folk who've backed their own nonsense with all they could pick up of other people's, should deny the Itzimaya? Do they, or does any man, know aught of that country beyond the fancy-lines they put in maps to prettify them up? Has any one of them been up the Usumacinta or the Lacandon? What living being has come back from westwards of Peten? We here, at this moment, are camped upon a stream that no man has ascended, an' we have before us a two-hundred league stretch which Nicaragua has never explored, an' no white mortal has traversed. Guatemala is full of savage districts that the *conquistadores* didn't enter, an' the Greasers daren't approach. Costa Rica ha'n't the spunk to use its own Atlantic shore, for fear of Guatusos an' Talamancas. What, in thunder, do these little frog-backed, ratan legged, rabbit-faced professors mean by preaching to us—us who've made our larning with eyes an' skin? If I say there's the Eldorado within fifty miles of the Howard House in Aspinwall—ay, right 'twixt Aspinwall an' Panama, within ten miles of their scientific railway—dare any man go to see? It makes me right down mad sometimes to hear folks gas! You may take my word for it, sir, an' *I* don't mostly talk of things I don't know somewhat about—there's room for ten Itzimayas in the unexplored parts of Guatemala alone. Mind yer, I don't say there's a single one, but I'll be right happy to volunteer with you if you'll make a party to look for it—I'll say that."

"If the Mayas caught you, they'd skin that carcase of yours quick time," said Vansten.

"Well, if they take off my skin, they won't find much to eat," replied Frazer, stretching his sinewy arm. "I'd advance science muchly out there, I guess, with this superior preparation of bones!"

"By the way," I said to Beasley, "you fell in with the Guatusos once, didn't you? Frazer spoke of it the other night."

"I did so! Likewise fell out with one of 'em, kerulash, sharp as a Yankee girl with toothache. Now, look ye here, Double Dutch! I'm bound to shoot when riled, an' that's not considered friendly in a general way; so don't you put in any of your durned pepper-sauce, because this story allurs roughs my skin.

"Frazer told you all about Santa Rosa, an' how we split up after that awakening. I cottoned to four others, all good men, an' we made a merry track for the San Carlos, which was reached safe enough; but nary speckle of gold did we find on the way. The night before starting down, I said: 'See here how this is, boys! I'm not going back to Walker with neither scalps nor plunder—not for shame's sake! There's gold here somewheres, an' I'm bound to have my lot in this universe wherever there's lot to be had. Now, I ask no man to follow—we're all free Rangers, I take it—but to-morrow morning I shall start for the Rio Frio; an' them who don't notion that voyage, can go down the San Carlos, an' I hope they'll arrive safe to pray for me—'"

"Wait a moment," I interrupted. "Here's a map. Let's see exactly where we are."

"I learned my geography mostly on my two legs," said Beasley, "but it's mighty easy to understand this. Here's the broad San Juan running from the Lake of Nicaragua to Greytown. Going up that stream from the Atlantic, the first fair-sized river one comes across on the Costa Rican bank is the Serebquiqui here; forty miles above that is the San Carlos, an' there isn't another as far as the lake, you see. But opposite Fort San Carlos here—nothing to do with the river of like name, mind yer—about three hundred yards from the spot where the big San Juan flows out of the lake, is marked the mouth of a large river called the Frio, flowing *into* it. You'll note that the genius who made this map—an' he did *make* it too, every bit of it—has given the full windings of the Frio, marked the mountains an' all other pretty things, but over the whole is scored 'utterly unexplored,' which is nigh the only truth in his plotur'. All the land from the Merivalles Mountains to the San Carlos, ay, an' as far as Greytown on the other bank, they say, is inhabited by a drive of 'Indios bravos,' called 'Guatusos' by the Greasers, an' 'Pranzos' by the Kingmen. No one knows aught about them, for they're quiet enough if left alone; but there they squat half across the continent, free as Irishmen at election-time, blocking the Atlantic coast an' the San Juan, an' playing eternal destiny with all the parties that have been sent aginst them. Now you see how the land lay to us from the *mouths* of the San Carlos."

"But why do you notion there's diggins on the Frio, Pike?" asked Vansten.

"Wal, I've not studied muchly, yer see, through being born strong an' clever, but I hear tell that the Conquisadores found the bullion here in piles like nat'ral elevations. The Ind'ans ate an' drank an' slept on gold an' jewels likewise, an' I want to know where that metal came from? Not from Chontales—for there's no washings there, at least not known, an' nary sign of Ind'an mining; not from Segovia—for those diggings scarcely pay for wasted water; not from any part of Nicaragua; nor, I'll mostly take oath, from Mosquito: so where did it come from? Can you tell me that, boy? I say it came from the Frio, an' that I'll kinder prove.

"We had a long talk that night, quite friendly, but three of the party would not take the woods. Segur jumped up when first I spoke, saying: 'I'm with yer, Jem, to make a pile or lose a scalp!' Next day, the other three—good men they was—started down the river on a little raft, after giving us all their spare cartridges an' a machete. We watched them round the reach, an' then tracked off to the north-west.

"The woods was tall an' close, as if they'd not been fired since Ind'an times, but the sun glinted through the tree-tops with that bright glare only seen in the lake forests. There is a greenish sort of twilight under shadow of the trees in some parts, but round the Lake of Nicaragua the air is allure white an' glistering. Eh, sir! what can home-staying folk know of real excitement? Some there is among them who lose breath at sight of a stinking newspaper: others get powerful nervous on catching a glimpse of white shoulders an' scented frocks; but the blood of a true man rises hottest an' quickest in the dazzling shade of an Ind'an wood, *where, as he knows well, every* bush may hold an enemy, where, from minute to minute, the yellow skin an' shining eyes of a savage may rise suddenlintly to his sight in the bright silent sunlight. Night brings no stupid lethargy to him. In the white moonbeams or the ebony shadow, his enemy must be watched, for the game has life for its stake, an' allurs, allurs the chances of the cards are agin the civilized man! Mind yer, I don't say as the excitement ain't just a leetle too 'neat' to be wholesome drinking sometimes.

"But Segur was as good a friend as could be wished for the Ind'an trail—strong as a grizzly, hearty as a jaguar, an' square all ways like a yard o' wall. We travelled warily for three days, an' then a little creek was crossed, where we washed the mud: there was gold at bottom of the cup as much as would cover a *dime*. I'd never seen such prospecting as that, barring one or two claims at old Washo. We stayed there four days to make *tasajo* from the flesh of a cimaron I shot, an' then pressed on agin, skeary that the Pranzos should see our smoke an' sign. At that creek, I mind seeing a fight between a black snake an' a rattler which were pretty to intelligent bystanders.

"Fust day after leaving that prospect, we crossed a track, shod, but with toes inturned like Ind'an. Can you tell me, sir, why all savages turn their feet inwards, while we turn 'em out? They do it, every race of 'em, but the Lord alone knows why; unless it's been revealed to some of yer scientifics who travel the world round in a back-parlor, an' foot out the universe from their front entry.

"Four days more we voyaged without seeing sign of Ind'an, nor meeting any danger to speak of, though tigers, *danaru*, an' pumas seemed thick there as Turkey buzzards round a slaughter yard. We was getting to feel quite a confidence in the institootions of the land, when, one afternoon, Segur caught my arm suddintly, an' dropped. So did I, o' course. Then voices reached our ears, sounding closer an' closer, an' then dying away. After a quarter of an hour, when all was still, we rose up. Fifty yards further was an Ind'an road, not unlike them tracks cut by black ants, but multiplied by human natur. It was deep cut in the earth, three or four feet maybe, an' all the tracks in it were shod; not even a child's naked foot among 'em, nor sign of any dog, which made us cock our hats, I guess, an' think small things of Providence. We jumped across, an' on the other side Segur said to me: 'It's getting warm, Jem!' 'Which way does that road lead, d'ye notion?' 'Towards one of the rabbit-warrens on the Frio, I should guess. Shall we go for to see how things air done in them secluded grots, Jem?' 'Why,' I said, after thinking matters over, 'it won't be safe to tramp by daylight now, an' the Guatusos aren't likely to travel at night; no forest Ind'ans do. This road is bound to lead Frio-way. It's plain they don't take dogs on the travel with them, if they have any at all. What do you say?' 'If you're the man to lead, I'm the one to follow,' says Segur. So we lay down in the bushes, an' I took watch for the first three hours. Several parties passed along as could be heard, but we were safer there than we'd ha' been further off, always barring dogs. Towards two o'clock, I woke Segur, an' lay down till dusk; an' then we jumped into the road to tramp along the shadowed side, with eyes an' ears skinned, I tell yer. Just at dawn, we came to a town or village, an' scrambled into the bush sharp as rabbits; but the location was found to be a swamp, an' durned uncomfortable lying. Deeper an' deeper we went on, for it wouldn't do to camp too close, with children running round, an' maybe Ind'an dogs about, sharp-eyed an' vicious as country virtue. We camped so far off that I can't say much of the town, more than that it was rounded with a high palisade, an' over that was tall thatched roofs an' palm-trees, an' standard poles. On t'other side we strove to hit the road, but couldn't find a track. But a creek was struck, an' there agin we 'found file,' but not so free as before. Up the bank we went along some way, until reaching a lot of plantain patches an' thatch-built huts, which, I guess, were the town farms, but only used when the fruit-crop was gathered, for, though we didn't go near them, there was no 'sign' about. Next night, we struck another road, an' travelling over it, was mighty nearly caught by a late Ind'an. I was just sniggering at some joke of Segur's, when voices was heerd in front. To get out was impossible, for it chanced that the wood was thin there, an' our figures must have been seen on the ridge, so we dropped along in the black shadow, squeezing to the bank. They came on, two men, talking loud, an', as it seemed to us, drunk. One of 'em stumbled over my head, giving me a kick like a horse, but the other laughed; an' they passed on, poor cusses, never knowing how near they'd been to their last kick in this world's shoes. Better watch was kept after that.

"So things went for a fortnight. We used the road as far as was safe, an' passed one or two towns much like the first, so far as could be seen. One morning—I mind that day well—we was tramping along wearily enough, for our belts was heavy with gold; said Segur to me: 'We must be nigh the Frio, boss! There's big travel over them superfine roads, an' the Cold River can't be far away, I take it.' He'd scarce finished, when he shot slash into the water, right overhead; an' when I fished him out, an' prospected through the bushes, we found ourselves on the bank of a slow muddy stream, some sixty yards across. 'That's the Frio,' said I; 'did you find it cold, old man?' An' then we went to sleep, cheerier than since leaving the San Carlos.

"That afternoon, we prospected all round, an' found the dust in bucketfuls. 'If this goes on so,' says Segur, 'we'll need a contract and a bell-cart to carry the plunder.' Every cup gave big pay, an' in twenty-four hours we'd a'most more than could be stowed. Our buttons beat one by one, we were that proud. But at dawn, in rounding a little bend, we came suddintly upon an Ind'an fishing. A fine tall fellow he were; six feet high, light colored, an' handsome, with a head of long black hair, that hung down his back like a horse-tail. 'Comanche chief, by Thunder!' muttered Segur; an' he did look just that. He stood upon a little raft, stark naked, with a tiger's skin between his feet.

"Before we'd got over the start, the Ind'an dropped his spear, an' snatched a bow from the raft, pointing a five-foot arrow at us. Segur dropped him slick, an' he fell into the water.

"But we were badly scared. I've seen many a 'buck,' an' I've fought free over most prairies, but such pluck as that Guatuso's I never see. 'It's time to track out, boss, with the plunder,' said Segur. 'They call this a "Cold River," but it's too hot for our constitution. Guess we'll make that dug-out now, quick time.' So we found a likely tree, dropped it, an' set it a-burning, an' meantime washed gold. At the end of a fortnight, we launched the craft, an' drifted down stream. Queer things I saw on that v'yage, though it was but seven days long. The banks were thick with plantains, an' here and there was a little hut, built of three poles, like a dog-kennel. There was deep-cut roads, too, that opened on the river, an' at every such wharf, if one may call 'em so, a ferry-raft was moored. Maybe you've seen a Guatuso boat, sir; they find 'em on the lake sometimes, an' floating down the San Juan. It is a raft made of two boughs tied fast together with ratans, an' about twenty-eight inches square. The Guatuso stands upright upon it, an' steers about with a long paddle—at least I reckon so. Those we saw on the Frio were handsome little craft, carved an' painted all over, with a crutch at each corner, ornamented with pretty shells. We stole one, but some Greaser cuss toted it off at San Carlos.

"We poled by night down the stream, between banks low an' swampy, that a'most gave one fever to look at: the Ind'ans all live inland on that account, I guess. But next night, the ground began to rise, an' we rested for the day beneath a low hill covered with gray trees, that blazed at top with crimson an' yellow flames. At dusk, we got underway agin, an' just as the full moon rose, passed through a sort of gorge. I was peering into the black water forward, with my eyes just about skinned to see the snags, when Segur suddintly whispered: 'Great Heaven, Jem, look here!' I turned aside. We were passing a break in the canyon, where the hills smoothed down into a little prairie of three or four acres maybe. Two lines o' *jicaras** grew threw it, forming a cross in the middle; but all other trees had been cut down on the hills. An' on the crown of the hills an' down the sides were great piles an' squares of stone, an' over them were long lines of statues—hundreds an' thousands—shining like white marble in the moonlight. Right in our front, in the middle of the prairie, were two small pyramids of *adobe* on either side of the jicara line, an' about them was a dozen tall stone figures on pedestals—some squatted on hands an' knees, others crouched with heads between their shoulders like tigers, others had great mouths that seemed to gape for blood—like living devils. For we saw in a moment what this was—the burying-place of the Guatuso chiefs, an' their big temple.

"We caught hold of the branches by the bank, an' looked with all our eyes, for it's a sight as has been given to few men to behold—these mysterious places where Ind'ans still worship their devilish old gods. An' a grand sight it were—a grand sight, sir! Under the hill-shadows were *teocallis*, taller an' broader than in the centre, an' at the furthest side was a big building, low an' black. There was banners waving on tall staves, an' ribbons an' colored cloths on the jicara-trees, that fluttered gently in the night-wind. Other things, too, was there on the trees—shapeless lumps tied to the branches, an' round white balls that glistened brighter than ivory. Easy we guessed what those were, for a faint an' sickly smell came in breaths across the water. The Ind'an religion was taught them by devils, the padres say, and, true it is, *they* ought to recognise all such handiwork.

"We sat in our places staring for a quarter of an hour, until suddintly a great drum was beaten in the temple, an' the war-whistles screamed out. That woke us up, an' we dropped down-stream under the shadow of the trees. Six days later, San Carlos was reached: we divided the plunder, an' I returned to the States for a spree while the dollars lasted. Segur went to Realejo, an' thence to San Francisco, where he's done well, I hear—a good fellow he was.

"An' that's all I can tell you of the Guatusos, boys, for I never saw but one, an' he weren't white at all. There's a fortune waiting in that land for the men as has spunk to go seek it, an' maybe we'll shake a cradle there yet, sir, in spite of Greaser governments. The gold-fired fools! Neither Nicaragua nor Costa Rica dare go near the river, an' yet they're just gay to fight for its possession. Only you call again for volunteers in Greytown, sir, an' never sweat for one government or other; we'll put the matter through!"

* The author feels that he should give his authorities for this story. It is confirmed by several independent narratives. Firstly, by the report of two Costa Rican peons, who crossed the Frio country in deserting from Colonel Canty in Castillo Viejo. Secondly, by the report of the commandant of San Carlos, who, in 1849, made a most disastrous expedition against these Indians. Thirdly, by the report given by the survivors of a "prospecting" party, who marched from the Costa Rican side in 1860. Fourthly, from the report of Captain Parker of Greytown, who ascended the Frio River in 1863 accompanied by three Frenchmen. In San Jose de Costa Rica and in Greytown, the author has seen some most extraordinary specimens of gold brought by these parties from the Guatuso country. The description of the Indian sacred places is singularly suggestive of those in Chontales, now ruinous.

* The *jicara*, or wild calabash-tree, is still reverenced by the Christian Indians of Central America; but the excuse now given for this superstition is the shape of the leaves, which grow in fours, forming always a perfect cross. The jicara has been generally noticed by the author in company with remains of the Indian religions on the mountains of Central America.

JULY.

The stately foxglove has purpled and died
Many a time since the golden day,
When at the feet of my new won bride
I watched her dreaming the world away;
Her maiden world, so narrow, so sweet,
With heavenly music for its air,
And paths pressed only by angel feet—
A world undarkened by evil or care.

The tender daylight caressed her face,
Her clear eyes blended with heaven's soft blue,
The grace of her form was the harebell's grace,
And her lovely lips bore the wild pink's hue;
About her all fair, unsullied things,
Light, and earth's flowers and bounteous green
Gathered—mild spirits with soundless wings—
Like handmaids tending a maiden queen.

Voices were near us, but we were alone;
She was alone in her maiden mood—
A mood that even love's gentlest tone
Might break upon with a sound too rude,
Light on her hand lay the touch of mine,
As shadow on flower or leaf might lie;
Low beat my heart in the silence fine
Of her dreaming thoughts' sweet mystery.

The wild rose many a time has died
Since at the feet of my love I lay,
In the golden lull of life's summer-tide,
Watching her dreaming the world away;
To thrill with joy when she woke at last
And bent upon me the trustful gaze
That wistfully never has turned to the past,
Or paled in doubt of the coming days.

DAME CATHERINE'S WISHES.

There was once a mother and son, who lived together in a pretty cottage beside a river. Dame Catherine had been a widow so long that her boy had but a faint recollection of his father. They were very poor people, and yet between the garden, the dame's spinning-wheel, and her son's work among the farms around, they had always just enough. Dame Catherine had been brought up in a very different condition of life, and as she had imparted all her knowledge to her son, he was far superior in mind and manners to most of the village youths, and his mother often regretted that his prospects were so narrow and humble. "If only he could get out into the world, I am certain he would prosper," she constantly sighed, as she whirred her wheel, and watched for his return along the walk by the river.

But dream and wish as she might, work must go on; and one evening she spun so attentively, that she noticed no advancing step until the shadow of a plumed hat fell on the threshold, and a silvery young voice asked, if a gentleman who was very weary could be kindly accommodated with a seat.

The widow sprang up, drew forward a brown chair, and threw a little cushion across it, and, in a second, a tall, elderly man entered, leaning on the shoulder of his daughter, a fair maiden of seventeen, who presently took a seat among the flower-pots on the window-sill.

The gentleman seemed very fatigued, but after the refreshment of a rest, he began to look about him, and admire the prospect of the sunny river, with its rising, richly-wooded banks.

"There is nothing like this in the city," said he; "and it seems like a vision of paradise."

The widow did not heed how thin and wan he looked, nor did she notice his words, except to mark that he came from the town for which she was always longing, and she almost started when he added,

"You must be very happy here."

"I don't know," she said. "Perhaps I might be, for my own part, but for Richard's sake I wish I was elsewhere."

"Is that your son?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, truly," said the widow, "and it grieves my heart to see him working in the fields through sun and shower, with no companions but coarse peasants."

"Then you have not always lived here," said the stranger, with a dim look of recognition in his eyes.

"Certainly not," she answered. "In my husband's time we lived in the Clock House of Avondale town."

"Then you are the widow of my oldest friend," exclaimed the invalid, rising. "You must have often heard your husband speak of young John Herman, who went to Flanders—yes; and you saw me once, twenty years ago. Well, here I am, old Councillor Herman, of Avondale."

And then the young lady came softly forward to salute the relict of her father's old companion, and her soft brocade rustled against the widow's scanty serge, and her white, smooth fingers touched the other's brown toil-worn hand, and made it look darker and rougher than ever.

"Richard must go back with us to Avondale," said the gentleman. "His father's son must not live among boors any longer. What! is this he?" for the young man entered at that moment, and for some minutes could scarcely understand the rapid tale which his mother unfolded; but when he comprehended, his eyes flashed, and his form dilated, and Juliet Herman, the merchant's daughter, thought to herself that he would certainly become a very fine young man, if he once associated with smarter people than his dingy mother, in her woollen gown.

The shadows of evening had fallen, and the stars were reflected in the waters, ere Richard conducted the Councillor and his daughter back to the inn, where their carriage awaited them—truly a fine carriage, with noble dappled steeds! and Richard lingered to watch them drive away, and mused on penniless youths, who had married their master's daughters, and inherited their

master's wealth, for it was arranged that Richard should go to Avondale on that day week, and abide there, working in the Councillor's warehouse, and lodging in the town.

The widow found plenty to do in that week. She had a little hoard—a very little one. Had it been as many pounds as it was shillings, it would still have been but small. She kept it in a china teapot, on the top shelf of the cupboard, along with some darned laces, and sundry other relics of her "better days," laid up in lavender. She got down the china teapot, and when she put it up again it was empty—it took every penny to get her boy a single suit fit for city society. She wished the Councillor had helped a little in this matter. Perhaps he would, if he had thought of it; but he was so very rich that he did not know how poor is poverty.

When Sunday evening came, and Dame Catherine and her son sat at their open door, overlooking the river, she had time to realize the coming change. Next Sunday she must sit there alone. Never mind, Richard would not be solitary, for Councillor Herman would not withhold his hospitality from his old friend's son. She could bear anything for Richard's good; and surely, some day, in a stately city mansion, she herself would sit in the place of honor—the mother of a worthy merchant prince. Certainly her wildest wishes were coming true.

So Richard went away, and his mother stayed at home, and worked as hard as ever, and was quite content. Still, when Christmas came, it was a little bitter to find her boy could not come to her, because he was invited to a grand party at the Councillor's, and feared to give offence if he absented himself.

"No, that would never do," she reasoned; "but the Councillor needn't have asked him. He might have thought of me, all by myself. If there's to be a party, one more or less can't matter."

Time passed swiftly on. Richard came once or twice to the old house; but Christmas after Christmas his mother sat alone. She kept up her spirits, however, for her boy was prospering wonderfully, and once in the summer-time he brought Juliet Herman to visit her, and the young lady behaved most prettily, and persisted in gathering water cresses for tea with her own hands, and otherwise displaying an agreeable condescension; but the Christmas after that, the widow was thrown into a state of frightened elation, by an invitation to spend the festival, along with other guests, at the Councillor's mansion. Her son also sent a parcel of handsome garments for her use during the visit.

On the morning of her journey to Avondale, Dame Catherine surveyed herself in her cracked mirror, and thought her appearance imposing and perfect. On the evening of her arrival there, she ruefully glanced at the cheval glass in her chamber, and believed herself a guy. Why, the housekeeper was a duchess compared with her, and she was overawed by the very chairs and tables, they were all so gilt and grand. Even her own fine dress prevented her feeling at ease. Oh! how often she wished herself in her brown woollen gown, sitting at the spinning-wheel, looking down upon the river! And yet Richard seemed quite at home. Well he might, for he was going to marry the daughter of the house. And she thought he did not altogether care for her presence. Ah, well, she was in her place in the sanded kitchen: he was more fit for the gay saloon. It was easy to bear for his sake.

So, when Richard married Juliet Herman, in Avondale Abbey, his mother was not there; but at the wedding hour, an old gray woman might be seen going down the walk beside the river towards a little hoary church, which stood always open that passers-by might enter and pray. She went in, and sat down on a step in the chancel. It was Dame Catherine; and that was how she celebrated her son's marriage.

Again years passed on. The Councillor was gathered to his rest, and Richard ruled in his place. His mother toiled no more; he made due provision for her, that was all. She seldom saw him, she never saw his children after they were just old enough to lisp "grandmother." Juliet did not wish them to grow familiar with such a homely place as that wooden cottage. But the widow was satisfied to endure anything for Richard's good.

But was it for his good? The question sometimes forced itself on her mind. He was still a young man, and yet he grew grey and wrinkled. She heard rumors of Juliet's brilliance and gayeties, but not from him, for he rarely named his wife. And at last he died suddenly; so suddenly that there was no last word for his lonely mother.

She remains still in the hut beside the river. She is a very aged woman, and all her wishes have faded into one regret—that she was not more contented long, long ago, when a bright youth sat by her spinning-wheel, and watched the sun set over the meadow beyond the willows. She is quite blind now, and cannot see that the wheel is covered with dust; so she folds her thin hands meekly, and says, "God's will be done, only I wish I had not wished!"

Literary Poverty.

The all-night walks of Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage in the streets of London from want of a place to lay their heads, find not unfrequent parallels in New York. There are hundreds of men of good literary abilities, who are often pressed for the means of getting a supper and a bed in this city. It is well known that men of the most creditable scholastic attainments—men who know Greek, Latin and other tongues beside their mother tongue—may be found in this city who are glad of an opportunity to write advertisements for patent medicine proprietors and shopkeepers. The men who make literature "pay" are the rare exception. One of the most prosperous writers now on the New York press was three years ago so "hard up" that he went without food for forty-eight hours, too proud to ask for help, and too empty-pocketed to have the means for purchasing a meal. This is not fiction but fact. During the present year this gentleman has helped a score of poor people in distress from his full pockets. —*New York Gazette.*

GENTLEMEN'S RINGS.—A new form has been given to gentlemen's rings. The stones are now cut very long and narrow, and the bands across which they are laid frequently composed of three or four fine chains. The favorite stone for a "gift" ring to a gentleman is the "Amazon." It is believed by the Japanese to possess the power of perpetuating affection.

☞ A teacher of vocal music undertook the other day to "beat the time" made by Flora Temple, and miserably failed.

MY MOTHER'S WHEEL.

In the shadows creeping o'er
Narrow pane and attic floor,
Stands a wheel with mould'ring band,
Turned no more by foot or hand;
Dust upon it deeply lies,
Tiny specks that cloud the eyes;
Over it the spiders spin
Daylight out and evening in.

As I sit beside it now,
Weary heart and aching brow,
Years go backward as the tide
From the silver seasons glide.
Life again is passing fair,
Sunshine glints my face and hair,
And a simple child I kneel,
Happy by this little wheel.

Once again I hear its hum,
While the moments go and come;
See the tireless fingers hold
Finest threads like shining gold;
Busy till the sunset red,
Till the last faint beam is fled;
Spinning all the live-long day,
Hours of pain and joy away.

Faithful hands that toiled so long,
Lips that sung my cradle song,
Come and hush my sighs once more,
Lighten burdens as before!
Softly through this silent room
Floats a brightness through the gloom,
While her presence seems to steal
Back to me beside this wheel.

LORD ULSWATER.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PASSENGERS, OUTWARD BOUND.

"For San Francisco direct, the splendid, fast-sailing, British-built clipper-ship *Golden Gate*, A No. 1 at Lloyd's; George Hopkins, commander. Carries a surgeon. To sail from Liverpool; and has excellent accommodation in chief-cabin, second-cabin, and steerage. For freight or passage apply," &c. This advertisement had been conspicuous in London and Liverpool papers for some time past; and now the great three-master, with her tall spars and fine lines, was clear of the Mersey and the Head, and had cast off her tug, and parted with her pilot, as with all her white sails spread, like wings of a gigantic albatross, she glided off majestically on her long ocean-voyage.

Among the second-class passengers was Bendigo Bill. Lord Ulswater had kept his word. It was thanks to his patron's skill and his patron's purse that the ruffian was once more launched upon the world. The chase after this man had been a hot one. He was "wanted," and badly wanted, by the Home Office and the Scotland Yard prefect of police. But although a strict watch had been kept upon the outgoing ships bound for such familiar ports as New York and Philadelphia, no detective's imagination soared so high as to induce suspicion of those occupying the *Golden Gate*'s second-cabin. British rogues do not often take ship for California, probably finding the fares heavy, and the market for their hypothetical industry glutted with native talent. And if a fraudulent bankrupt or a bolting bank-clerk might be expected to take refuge in so remote a region, the very expense and mystery of the voyage might be presumed to render it caviare to such a fugitive as William Huller.

The myrmidons of Justice, therefore, some representatives of whom were probably on the Mersey quays that day, took no heed of the silent middle-aged German, with the red beard, partly grizzled, the Tyrol hat, the spectacles, the braided frock-coat, meerschaum pipe, soiled gloves, and loose boots of patent leather, who came leisurely down to the water-side, a packet of foreign books under one arm, and a heap of cloaks encumbering the other. That High Dutchman, with his combined air of smartness, dirt, and erudition, might have been a doctor, a lecturer, a scientific traveller in quest of new butterflies or lichens from the other side of the world; but he looked as Teutonic as Karl the Great or Ritter Toggenburg. He had a friend with him, an Englishman, unmistakably a gentleman, who was very kind and attentive to the learned foreigner about to quit our shores, and who went on board with him. This gentleman had his right arm in a sling. Lord Ulswater it was who thus escorted this pseudo-German on board the *Golden Gate*. He stayed in the vessel to the last; and when the bell rang, and the cry was "For the shore," he left the clipper, in company with others who had lingered to press the hands of the friends of whom they had "seen the last" in England surely, perhaps on earth. There were men and women with wet cheeks, turning back to wave their handkerchiefs, even after the vessel had been towed so far down the river that the farewell signal could not be distinguished by even the keenest eye unassisted by a glass, and children whose father would be half a stranger to them when after many years, those so near in blood should meet again.

Among this little throng was a young man, with a felt hat slouched over his eyes, and a well-worn velvet coat, out of one pocket of which protruded a small, green book, brass-clasped, a sketch-book plainly. Lord Ulswater's eye scarcely rested on this man at all. An artist was nothing new, and in no way interesting to him. Where had he seen just such a strolling fellow as that? In Shelton it was, and not long since, with which thought he dismissed the subject. But as for dreaming that the very hat, and the identical coat of shabby velvet that had been worn by the sketcher who was drawing by the roadside as he rode to the door of the manor-house, were now within arm's-length of him at Liverpool, and were there because he was there, he would have laughed at the notion as absurd. He would not have been inclined to laugh, had he known that the supposed artist, dogging him like his shadow, watchful of his every movement, yet to all appearance bestowing no attention on him at all, was no other than James Sark.

For now Lord Ulswater, though blindly unaware of the fact, had in a great measure ceased to be in his own keeping, to belong as it were, to himself, and was followed, and kept ward over, by an unsuspected foe. His confidence was in some measure coming back to him, now that he had got his liegeman, Bendigo Bill, snugly embarked and under-weigh for a country where the Queen's writ in criminal process do not run. "The odds are enormous," he thought to himself, "against the brute's return. Taos whiskey and swamp-fevers, savage Indians and more savage miners, await my friend yonder; and it is hard if, in some gamblers' free-fight, a stray bullet or bowie-knife does not silence Mr. Huller effectually."

Hope began to whisper in John Carnac's ear, and the music of her voice was welcome. His fears had been all of legal proceedings; not that he had ever entertained much dread of a conviction, since the only tongue that could betray him was mute for ever, but because enough would be revealed on even the most incomplete trial to blast his fair fame, and to make him a banished man for life, unpunished by the law, but excommunicated from all that makes life worth the having.

At the cost of great personal peril, trouble, and forethought, he had removed the chief stumbling-blocks out of his path. Loys was dead; Marsh was dead. The death of the man did not lie so directly at his door as did the death of the woman. He had been vexed at first to hear of the doctor's fate. His over-zealous servant had gone near to implicating him, just as Henry II.'s over-zealous servants had got *their* royal master into the worst of scrapes by slaying the Archbishop on his own chancel floor. But the affair had gone of unexpectedly well. The man who had rid Lord Ulswater of an enemy was safely shipped off to the uttermost parts of the earth, and no untimeous discovery had been made. It was better so. Two very dangerous witnesses were debarred from bearing testimony against John Carnac, until they should stand up to proclaim his sins upon the judgment-day.

Dupe, dullard that he was, with all his craft and all his subtlety! His eyes were dim, and his ears were deaf to the real sights and sounds of the coming doom. Digging a pit for his enemy, as cunning men, such as he, have done for ages unnumbered, he recked not of falling into it himself, to perish miserably. The bold stroke that was to make him safe for ever, was to prove his undoing. For his other misdeeds, Nemesis might have waited to punish beyond the tomb; for the last wrong wrought, the penalty must be paid on this earth, in this life, and in full.

John Carnac had been very successful. The Fiend had served him well in that tacit bargain of theirs. He had no thought of the wild German legend of the hunter who bought the magic bullets, never missing, and won high praise, and a forester's place, and the maiden he loved to be his wife, all with the rifle-balls of the demon's casting, and then—with the random shot that was to be the fiend's portion, laid the betrothed pretty one bleeding, dead, at his feet. "Fifty go true, three go askew!" So is it elsewhere than in the Harz Mountains or in the Schwarzwald.

The shabby artist in the velvet coat kept Lord Ulswater well in sight, watching him as he passed through the streets, as he entered his hotel, as he left it, as he made his way to the railway station. With a vigilance that never relaxed, but with a caution that avoided any ostensible act which might apprise his foe of the unfriendly eye that was upon him, the man, turned blood-hound for the time, held staunchly to the trail. The Furies of pagan superstition could not have followed the evil-doer with more fell a purpose or more pitiless patience. Yet, fearing nothing, and exulting in his success, Lord Ulswater took his place in the up-train; and in the same train, but in a different carriage, the shabby artist in the velvet coat took his place also. He had entered the telegraph-office shortly before the departure, and had sent a message along the wires, addressed to Greer and Starriker.

CHAPTER LXII.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

The train thundered on, speeding as fast as the panting, laboring giant of steam could urge it, along the iron-way. On it swept, flying, rattling, bounding, in its mad hurry and haste, with rush and roar, down the steep gradients of the line. The gradients were steep thereabouts, a slope sharper than is common, and the engine-driver was doing his very best to make up for lost time, and to save himself from fines. There had been vexatious delay at two stations, and the train was miles away from the point which it ought to have reached, according to *Bradshaw* and the book of rules; and therefore this tremendous rush at top speed, without regard to curve or level. "I'll make her do all she knows!" the driver had said to the sympathetic stoker; and the engine, like a willing slave, tore and whirled along at a pace not approved of by parliamentary experts.

The line was not the direct line from Liverpool to London, but one of the iron-ways that traverse the midland counties from north to south. Thanks to our liberal ways, the traveller in Britain may generally take his choice of parallel roads to a given goal; and Lord Ulswater had doubled and twisted, and done his best to blind the trail, so that it was late in the afternoon of the day, the morning of which had seen the *Golden Gate* weigh anchor and go down the Mersey, seaward. It was still light, however, for the day was fine and bright, not at all like the rainy forenoon of that dark day of the funeral of poor Loys.

The artist in the loose coat of threadbare velvet, sitting in a carriage behind that in which Lord Ulswater was seated, travelled as he travelled, alighting at junctions, taking fresh tickets, proceeding by the trains on short loop-lines that led to points whence London might be reached without any presumption that the starting-place had been Liverpool, riding behind Lord Ulswater, ever and always, like Black Care, and as hard to be shaken off. Lord Ulswater had at length noticed this assiduous pursuit, and had been annoyed by it. He looked hard at the man, more than once, as they two waited at some station. The shabby artist could scarcely be a policeman: he had not the stiffness which a drilled and stocked and belted man finds it so difficult to lay by with his uniform. A Private Inquiry Office might have such a beagle in its pay; but what should a person of that kind want with Lord Ulswater? It takes a full purse to set Private Inquirers in motion, and there was no full purse on the opposite side. A mere coincidence, most likely.

Ahead lay a bridge, spanning a stream of inconsiderable width, but with high banks, and deep holes where the trout loved to lie, lazily swaying their fins to and fro, and watching the silvery minnows swimming from the gravelly shallows inshore. A pretty stream, with a rocky bed, among the stones of which the water foamed and sparkled merrily, and high above, the alder and the ash, and the holly and the hazel, overhung the steep banks, draped with purple foxglove and dark ivy—a stream such as may be seen by scores in our northern and western English shires, romantic brooks, claiming elsterhood with Dove, and Greta, and Wye, but unknown to fame, haunts of the nameless Naiad.

The bridge was an old bridge, allowing for the wear and tear which give but a short life to such constructions, and it needed repair. The Company's engineer-in-chief, going on his tour of inspection, had shaken his head at the condition of its iron girders, and had set it down in his half-yearly Report as requiring thorough reparation. In the meantime, it was suffered to afford a prize specimen of the glorious uncertainty of railway management. The Secretary was unwilling to add the cost of repairs for the bridge to the already heavy bills for work and improvements: he had been manipulating his accounts very carefully and painfully, and he did not wish, nor did the directors wish, to add a feather to the camel-load of expenses under which the sulky shareholders groaned. He had to face the shareholders at a meeting very shortly, and the larger the small balance and the infinitesimal dividend showed, the better; so the word was given to patch up the rickety bridge with temporary props and struts of timber; to caution the engine-drivers on the duty of crossing it at a slackened pace, and—

Crash! There was a roar and a groan, and a grinding, breaking, snapping, and straining of overtasked iron, rending of tortured timber, creaking and fall of wooden beams; and then a half-heard clamor of terrified human voices, mocked, as it seemed, by the long scream of the steam-whistle that the startled engine-driver sounded, he knew not why, in his panic. The bridge rocked and reeled, bent down, surged up, splitting into fragments, and with the engine and tender, and two-thirds of the carriages, went headlong down upon the rocks of the stream. The bridge had broken at last. With a sickening crash, down went all those tons of wood and iron, and the shrieking human freight, down into the frothing stream.

Two carriages, however, and the guard's van, closing the train, escaped scot-free. The coupling-chains and screws had snapped in twain, and they were left standing, alone and safe, on the very brink of the gulf, off the rails indeed, but upright and uninjured. The artist in the frayed velvet coat was in one of these carriages.

A dreadful scene it was. Juggernaut—the Juggernaut of irresponsible officialism—was served well that day, and had his blood-sacrifice to the full. It was a light train, and half empty, but there was enough of ghastly horror to warrant the newspapers in announcing it, as they afterwards did, in the most conspicuous of capitals, and with copious details. Death and wounds, and pain and despairing fear ran riot amid that hapless company of travellers; for the mounds of broken carriages and trucks, and the shattered engine, hissing hot, and exploding, like a shell from a mortar, as the cold water closed over its boiler: these heaps of material together formed a dam, checking the flow of the brook, and causing it to grow rapidly deeper, so that those not crushed, or torn, or scalded by the heated water that was hurled around, were yet in dire danger of being drowned as they lay trapped among the fragments of the train.

A dreadful scene. The screams of those in mortal terror blended with the wail of agony or the moan of feebleness and suffering, and the shouts and exclamations of the few unhurt, and who now scrambled from their carriages, and hurried to the rescue of those below. With all its horrors, the spectacle had one redeeming feature—selfishness had little or no scope there. Men, and women too, that had crawled or had been dragged with much ado, bruised and bleeding, from amid the ruins of some wrecked carriage, lost no time in idle moans, but were active in rendering help to those worse off. As for those who had escaped the fall, they made their way in reckless haste down the steep bank, and worked eagerly, desperately, to tear away the masses of timber and iron beneath which some groaning victim lay, or to assist the half-drowned inmates of the carriages to draw themselves, with broken bones, and faces disfigured, out of their prisons, into which the water was pouring.

Very great gallantry, devotion, and humanity, did these volunteer workers display, though what with the excitement of the rescuers, and the piteous cries of women seeking a husband, a child, or a parent, amid that panorama of devastation, misery, and anguish, a cool head was needed by any one who should exhibit presence of mind. Luckily, the guard had such a head; and while others were toiling frantically, with no guide but their generous instincts, he waded the water, and climbing the opposite bank, ran along the line, a flag in his hand, to give the danger-signal to a down-train due at that spot within a few minutes, and to check the course of which was needful.

Several lives were lost, many persons were frightfully hurt, and not one of the occupants of the fallen carriages but was more or less injured. The engine-driver's body, much mangled, lay among the rocks, and stains of blood floated on the frothing surface of the deepening stream. In one place, the water had overflowed a broken carriage, forming a tiny cascade as it swirled by, overleaping the dam at this its lowest point. From that carriage, no living human being was ever drawn forth; those in the only occupied compartment, three persons, were all drowned.

Further down the brook, and at a few paces' distance from the rest of the train, lay the remains of another first-class carriage. It was riven to pieces as to the roof and floor, and through its breached sides the water, cascading over the dam above, flowed freely. There was a hollow of some depth in the bed of the stream, hard by, hemmed in by rocks, and to one of these a wounded man clung with despairing clutch, his head and breast just visible above the water. Lord Ulswater! He was hurt, but not unto death. The fearful shock of the fall had harmed him less than it had done to many of his fellow-sufferers, but he was bare-headed, and there was a narrow thread of blood trickling slowly down from a slight cut upon one of his temples, half hidden by his golden hair, loose and dishevelled now. He was holding on to the rock by his uninjured left hand. The right arm, which he had worn in a sling, hung broken by his side. It was that hurt received in the struggle, several nights ago, in the cottage among the gardens, which had caused the bandaging of the hand, the support of the sling, and ultimately the broken arm, due to the awkward attitude in which it met the blow upon the rocks. This, however, was not the worst of the plight in which Lord Ulswater, hitherto a favorite of Fortune, to all appearance, was now found. He was pinned down beneath the weight of a great heap of wood and iron that lay half immersed, pressing on his body as he strove to extricate himself; and this weight tasking all his strength to the utmost to support its fatal pressure, threatened to drag him down with it, helpless, to drown in the smooth pool below.

Thus he was found—found by a man who came bounding, hurrying, wading the brook, springing from rock to rock, evidently seeking some one for whom he had hitherto hunted in vain among the dead and dying that were being gradually brought from amid the wreck and ruin above. Whoever had seen this seeker, stayed by no call, or shriek, or prayer for aid, but rushing on upon his quest, would have deemed him to be in search of some one very dear to him, for whose sake he passed others by. But such was not the case. The man wore a shabby velvet coat and a peaked hat of soft felt. He sprang down, knee-deep, into the water.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked eagerly, but in a strange tone, of Lord Ulswater.

Lord Ulswater looked up, and knew him for the man who had dogged him all that day—knew him too, so quick is memory, in the same instant, for the artist whom he had seen sketching the manor-house at Shelton. He made no answer then, but became still paler than he had been before, and fixed his glittering eyes steadily on the new-comer, and so stood, breathing hard beneath the weight of the mass of wood and iron.

"You expect aid from me, Lord Ulswater," said the man in the velvet coat, thrusting back his hat so as the better to show his face. That face was dark with a sudden rush of blood to the hitherto pallid cheeks, and the haggard eyes looked vengefully into those of the wounded man. "Look at me. We are strangers. Can you not read my name, written here in my face?"

There was a pause. Lord Ulswater's nostrils dilated, and his eyes darkened, and his very lips grew white, but no word escaped him.

"My name is James Sark.—Ah, I see you knew it before I uttered the words," said the man, approaching nearer to Lord Ulswater. "I am Loys Sark's husband. It was my wife whom you left dead on the floor of that hut where there was none to help her. And now, John Carnac, lay hope aside, for as I believe there is a God in heaven above us, so do I believe that you are delivered up into my hands, to pay the deep debt you owe. Look not for rescue; it will not come. Look not for pity; it is dead in me—killed along with my murdered darling. We are face to face at last. You have escaped death this day in many an ugly shape, but you shall not escape *me*."

And then there was another silence, only broken by the deep uneven breathing of Lord Ulswater, striving under the weight of the mass that bore him down—a long and terrible silence. The two men, face to face, gazed steadily on one another, and for a long space neither spoke.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE ACCOUNT IS CLOSED.

Lord Ulswater, lying in the shallow water on the edge of the deep pool, and clinging to the rock with a convulsive clutch that alone enabled him to support the weight of the heavy heap of ruin in which he was entangled, looked up into his enemy's face, and read his doom there. The flush of wrathful triumph had faded from that face, and Sark, as pale as the foe beneath him, looked cold, collected, and pitiless in his white rage, grimly surveying the man who had so wronged him, beaten, conquered at last. It was an awful moment for both.

But Lord Ulswater, in that supreme hour of despairing misery, betrayed no unmanly weakness. He met the other's glare with eyes that never flinched, and not so much as the quivering of a lip betrayed emotion. It is one of the strangest anomalies in poor human nature, that with all our fears, and all our shrinkings from the grave and from the punishment beyond the grave, with all our abhorrence of pain, and love of ease, and life-long dread of the common fate, most of us die well. It is not only the martyr, or the saint strong in faith and zeal, that can meet the King of Terrors at the last, unfaltering; not only the hero on the battle field, or the patriot on the scaffold. The sad records of the Place de Grève, like those of our own Tyburn, tell how steadily and well the vast majority of sufferers bore the worst that cruelty could inflict, and died without a sign of fear. So this Borgia, this monster of wickedness, who has been known through these pages by the name of Lord Ulswater, looked up, smiling, at the threatening foe who stood, scowling, so near him in that dreadful moment of helplessness.

As for Sark, he was as one transformed. The companions who knew him best might have failed to recognize in this pale avenger the good-humored, high-mettled comrade whom they had owned as something better and more generous than themselves. His features were set and pinched as if by illness or by pain, and his eyes glowed with the fires of hate till their brightness seemed unnatural. No one knows what a latent volcano the heart of any reputed good-fellow may prove, or what smouldering savagery lies concealed beneath the habitual mask of an easy temper and a genial disposition.

The actual duration of the silence which seemed so long was really brief enough, three minutes or less; and it was broken—that silence—by a loud cry, a call for help, from Lord Ulswater's lips, one long, desperate effort to summon assistance in this dire need. "Help! help!" was the cry, and the sullen echoes from the hollow in the boulding bank above gave back the sound, "help!" as in scorn. No help came. The call was unheeded in the midst of that Babel of shrill screams and moanings, and shouts and clamor, where the few men able to work were tearing at the panels of the smashed carriages, and wading the deepening stream. No hope of attracting attention in the midst of that scene of tumult and dismay! Lord Ulswater made no further attempt to call for aid, but met the mocking smile of his enemy with a smile of bitter defiance.—"So did Loys cry for help, perhaps; you know best!" said Sark grimly. No answer came back to these words, that were at once an accusation and a taunt. The strong white hand, with its jewelled fingers, held the rock in a grasp as of iron, but Lord Ulswater disdained to waste the remains of his strength in fruitless appeals to those who were too busy to hear his call. He had enough to do to bear the burden that weighed him down, and he drew his breath with difficulty.

Sark stood over him, within arm's-length, coldly surveying him as he lay. His foe—the murderer of Loys—was at his feet, straining every sinew of his powerful frame to keep his head above the surface, and perishing slowly, and by inches, as it were, before his very eyes. Here was the man he so hated brought low indeed, and on the very threshold of a lingering and inevitable death. And Sark had pined and

longed for this—thirsted and craved for this—for a signal retribution to fall on that loathed head. The blow had fallen; yet James Sark was disappointed. The revenge for which he had so panted was not so sweet to the palate as it had been to the fancy beforehand. Revenge never is. Of all the joys that turn to dust and ashes in the fruition, gratified vengeance is perhaps the most worthless.

As he stood, watching the dying struggles of this man, whose head was to him as a wolf's head, to be struck, and not spared, he could not keep up the heat of his rage as he had done when Lord Ulswater was in the pride of his strength. There lay the hated wretch, with his fatal beauty of face unmarred by bodily suffering or mental pangs, stretched like Prometheus on his rock, enduring, defeated, defiant in his unpitied pain. There seemed to Sark's wayward heart to be something dastardly, something that lowered him in his own esteem even below the level of the slayer of his wife, in seeing this drowning man go down without stretching a hand to help him.

But the image of Loys, dead upon the floor of the old Dutch gardener's cottage, rose up and nerved him afresh. Here, still alive, was the murderer. "Hark you, Mr. Carnac," the Manxman said, stooping over him; "I am wiser than you, with all your cleverness. I risk nothing, I break no law. No act of parliament forbids me to stand by and see you get your deserts in this world, before you get them in the world to come. I, a jail-bird and a rogue, am your judge and executioner at once, yet I transgress none of the statutes. I shall see that fair false face of yours sink down beneath the water—"

"You are a cowardly cur!" interrupted Lord Ulswater gasping. Perhaps the remembrance of his hideous dream—come true now—stung him.

Sark laughed hoarsely. "You are wrong, Mr. Carnac; I am not a coward. I've jumped overboard in the Trades, to pick up a poor child drowning before his parents' eyes, ay! when the shark's back-fin was waving above the water, and not a man else of crew or passengers dared make the plunge. I have saved three lives, each time coming off safe, but only by the skin of my teeth, as we sailors say. I never let man, or woman, or child die for want of a helping-hand, as I'll let you die, Mr. Carnac."

He paused but an instant, and then went on, speaking in a low but very distinct voice: "You wonder, if you can think of anything but the well-deserved death you are so near to, why I call your Lordship Mr. Carnac. For this reason, sir—you are no more Lord Ulswater than I am—no more a peer of England than you are pope of Rome, and St. Pagans belongs to you about as much as Windsor Castle belongs to me. Your nephew is alive!"

There was surprise, but incredulous, scornful surprise, in Lord Ulswater's face; but he said nothing.

James Sark resumed: "Your nephew, whom you thought that you had murdered, not by your own hands, but by the hands of Loys Fleming—he is alive!"

Lord Ulswater gave a groan like that of a wounded lion, driven to bay, and bleeding under the spears. "You lie, thief!" he made answer.

Sark's reply was spoken with a cool bitterness. "Thief I am. But what are you, John Carnac? I have been a lawbreaker, and if the law gets hold of me, must pay the penalty; but you are worse a thousandfold. I have usurped no innocent child's inheritance, broken no brother's heart, blighted no maiden's fame, murdered no infant, butchered no woman. You have done all these things. John Carnac, you are a viler thief than I."

For the first time, a quick shiver, as of cold, ran through Lord Ulswater's frame, and his features quivered, and his eyelids drooped; but he lifted them again, and looked up at Sark, half in defiance, half inquiringly.

"Mr. Carnac," said his enemy, drawing nearer yet, "your nephew is alive, and in the care of those who will help him to his rights. Loys, his nurse, deceived you, and deceived the doctor, when she told you both how the child Guy Carnac lay buried, fathoms deep, in the sea that beats against the abbey cliff. She spared him. We reared him, and cared for him, under another name, in Australia. There are written proofs of this extant, and depositions have been taken before a magistrate. To-morrow, I shall be by appointment at a lawyer's office with the young lord. He—Paul West—I may tell you his feigned name now without fear—is the true Lord Ulswater, and you, Mr. Carnac— Ha!"

For at that instant there was heard the shrill whistle of an approaching train, then a hurried cry, a shout taken up by many voices, and soon afterwards the tramp of many feet. On they came at a run, these new-comers, eager and willing to render aid to the miserable sufferers in the late accident.

"They shall not save *you!*" cried Sark excitedly. He had in his hand a heavy piece of wood, three feet long or more, which he had caught up in passing among the broken carriages. This fragment, with its jagged edges, made a formidable club at need, and this he now lifted over Lord Ulswater's unguarded head. "Die, you butcher!" he said in harsh accents, whirling back the weapon; but something held back his arm, and the blow did not fall. The good and bad that were in the man were striving for mastery. With all his wrongs and all his hate, he could not strike down this powerless foe, unresisting, looking into his face. The noise of running feet and shouting voices drew nearer.

John Carnac ground his teeth together. His overstrained sinews could bear no more. For several minutes he had upborne a load that would have crushed the life out of a weaker man, and even his forces were spent. His breath came but in gasps; the cold death-dews were on his forehead. His heart scarcely could beat, and the chill of the last dreadful moments of parting life froze his veins. For the world and all its prizes and glories, he could not have held on longer. The train had come, and rescue had come, but not for him. Too late—too late for all but one thing!

"Sark," he said, in a broken whisper, "is the boy's claim—the proof—dependent on your—your help?"

"It is," answered the Manxman, bending near him. "Take that with you whither you are bound."

"Not so; tell your own tale to the Master of us both," cried Lord Ulswater with a sudden fierceness. "Die fool, as I die!" His right arm, broken, hung useless; but he now let go his hold of the rock, and, with his left hand, made a grasp at Sark's throat, so quick, and strong, and deadly in its fell intent, that all the Manxman's activity hardly saved him from that gripe, never to be loosened. As it was, the sleeve of Sark's coat was ripped up from shoulder to elbow; and then, with a gurgling sob, John Carnac, Lord Ulswater, *de facto* in the peerage of England, sank down beneath the surface of the stream, and gasped out his latest breath in those drowning depths of the dark pool.

He was quite dead and cold when they found him lying there, alone.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ONE PEERAGE THE LESS.

Greer and Starriker were in their office together, and not alone. The presence of both parties, for more than ten minutes at a time, within the compass of their business premises, was of itself sufficient to show that the occasion was abnormally important. For, just as we see some husbands and some wives always apart, so the members of this legal firm had each of them his own line and his own department, to which he adhered tenaciously. Starriker took the broadly humorous business, Greer the genteel comedy. They were very good friends, but they did not meet every day; and Mr. Starriker was emphatically the outdoor partner, preferring to see his clients at public-houses, where liquor might lighten law. To-day, he was in attendance at the office, carefully dressed, sedate, and silent. "Hold your tongue, Starriker; you are a dab at the witnesses, and good at elections, but I must manage this in my own way, please"—had been the well-meant advice of the senior and less jocular partner.

In the office, as well as Messrs. Greer and Starriker, were three persons. One of these three was Professor Brum, who looked eminently uncomfortable, but who was shaved, and brushed, and washed, to enable him to pass muster in that goodly company. Also there were two strangers—one young, the other old. The junior, who was a dandy of some pretensions, was a trim young gentleman of three-and-thirty or thereabouts, with colorless hair and whiskers very neatly arranged, with the loveliest Neapolitan charms rattling on his guardchain, and a backbone officially stiff. He was the sort of young gentleman of whom it might safely be predicted that his father must be an Honorable Mister, or his mother a Lady Frances; that he had been pitchforked somehow into a private secretaryship in some government department; and that he was much admired by himself and the young ladies that he could not afford to marry, as dreadfully satirical and distressingly clever.

Mr. Standish Wintle had, indeed, to his own infinite disgust, been sent from the Home Office to "look into" the Carnac affair, to take counsel with tenth-rate attorneys of no good odor in the profession, and to be brought into personal contact with thieves, coiners, and the like. It was "police business," as he remarked indignantly to a friend and copyist of his own. Worse still, his chief had thought proper to send a legal dry-nurse along with him in the shape of a shrewd gray-headed solicitor, confidentially busy at the Home Office, and who not seldom had the right to call Britannia his client.

Charges such as those against a man of such rank and reputation as the rank and reputation of Lord Ulswater are serious things, having an awkward tendency to recoil upon those who prefer them; therefore, Greer and Starriker had acted with delicacy in this matter, communicating with the Home Office, instead of risking all by a direct application to the county magistrates for that seaside shire where Shelton was situated. The Home Office had responded to the summons, not very willingly, but perforce. In our days, and in our country, officials live in mortal dread of the lash of the public press, and have at once a nervous horror of doing too much and of doing too little. It is no disgrace, after all, to a Secretary of State that he should very much prefer his tenure of power to be as a maiden's zone. The trying and convicting of a peer of the realm on several ugly charges, was what could, under no circumstances, be agreeable in high quarters, and was indeed a painful duty at best. But to be stigmatized as head of the Circumlocution Office has peculiar terrors for the British bureaucrat in these times of thin-skinned sensitiveness to print, and therefore Standish Wintle and the sensible attorney were at the office of Greer and Starriker.

Proofs had been laid before them, proofs not enough, perhaps, for a jury, but quite sufficient to make an investigation of the affair imperative. There was Huller's attested deposition. There was the written confession of poor Loys. There was the gold sleeve-link picked up from the floor of the Dutch gardener's wooden hut in which the murdered woman had been found. There were two scraps of notes in the handwriting of the deceased Stephen Marsh, M.R.C.S., addressed to Loys, and relating to the affair. Brum, apprised by the telegram sent by James Sark that his nephew Bendigo Bill was safe, had made what he called a clean breast of all he knew, without, however, mentioning the garrotter by name. The sensible lawyer shook his gray head, and even the superfine Standish admitted that the case had a dark look.

So they waited. Sark it was for whose coming they waited. No one, not even Brum, had seen the Manxman since his return from Liverpool, but he had telegraphed a second message to Greer and Starriker, promising to be at the office at the time appointed, and to bring with him the boy, Guy Carnac, the genuine Lord Ulswater, against whose life his near relative and heir-presumptive had practised, and whose birthright had been usurped.

But Sark was behind time. The whole story of the kidnapping of the young heir, that of the murder of Stephen Marsh, and that of the murder of Loys, had been told and commented upon, and Sark came not. Even the Professor was puzzled, while Standish Wintle was personally aggrieved by the disrespect of the absentee towards his sublime self. Everything waited for Sark, who alone held the clue of these intricate affairs, and who was impatiently looked for as the man who could explain away incongruities, and throw light upon dark places. At last there was a step on the threshold, and a hum of voices, and the clerk admitted the newcomer.

Sark—but so pale and haggard, that he seemed but as a ghost, the ghost of his former self, belated in the daytime. He looked old and ill, and very dejected, but his bearing showed no touch of fear, despite the presence of such a government luminary as Mr. Wintle, baleful to truant prisoners.

"I have kept you waiting, gentlemen," said James, looking around, "but it was unavoidable. I have bad news to tell you. Lord Ulswater is dead!"

There was a general outcry. "Dead!" And suspicious glances were directed at Sark, who met them without flinching.

He smiled—a sad smile it was.

"I see, gentlemen," he said, in a resolute tone that carried the force of truth with it—"I see you think I killed him. It is known to you all how I hated him, and with what good cause, and—"

"Now, don't! Now, be careful, my man: I speak in your interest," interrupted the solicitor who had come in company with Standish Wintle; "don't do it." It was distressing to that worthy man to hear a man bear witness against himself, a thing odious to English jurisprudence.

Sark smiled, more sadly still.

"Lord Ulswater,—or, I should say, Mr. Carnac—did not meet with his deserts in the way you suppose," he said, quietly. "He was in the train that met with that accident at Charnley Bridge yesterday. He was among the killed. I, who was a passenger by that train, escaped unhurt. I saw his body, with those of the others who were drowned, carried to the inn two miles off. I shall attend the inquest, if you think proper, gentlemen," the man added, looking steadily in the faces of those who looked at him.

"But the boy?" cried Mr. Greer, with a long face.

Sark shook his head.

"There was a saying of my old father's, that I've had cause to bear in mind this day," he said, gloomily, fixing his eyes upon the ground, "and that was, that we ought not to do evil that good may come of it. Now I see we were wrong about the little lord. I meant no harm; and Loys, poor sweetheart, meant nothing but kindness, when she and I put the child to school at Clapham, never intending that the young one should be cheated of his own to the last. But we thought it was mighty fine and mighty clever to act so, keeping back the little lord as a finessing player keeps back a court-card, and bringing him to claim his rights just when it suited our game. So much the worse, so much the worse," added Sark, turning his head away.

The rest of those present, all but Brum, exchanged glances. The Professor coughed behind his worsted glove.

"Can't you explain yourself, my good man?" asked Standish Wintle, adjusting his necktie with a peevish air. "This is a very irregular sort of thing, and you will think twice about it, if you are wise, before you trifle with government."

Brum shuffled with his feet, and coughed again, apologetically.

"I'm sure, gentlemen, begging pardon," said he, "that Jem Sark don't intend to trifle with anybody. Don't you see he's trying to tell us something, and can't get the words out. I'm afraid I can guess what, eh, Jem?" and the Professor sidled up to Sark, patting his shoulder kindly, as an amiable bear might have done. The Manxman passed the back of his sun-browned hand across his eyes, which were wet and glistening. He lifted his head, and confronted the company.

"Gentlemen all," said James Sark, "I'm afraid I've given you a deal of trouble to no good end. There's no one left alive to be disgraced and pulled down out of his high place that he'd no right to; there's no one left alive to inherit the title that was wrongfully assumed. Guy, Lord Ulswater, that pretty boy, the little fellow his uncle murdered in will, if not in fact—he's dead too. Some other illness—I forget the Latin name the doctor gave it—laid hold of the child while he was yet weak after the fever; and though the schoolmaster wrote to me, I never got the letter, ranging the country as I did, a hunted man. When I reached the Clapham school this morning, I heard the bad news—the doctor met me coming out—they didn't expect the child to live through the day. And so it proved. He knew me, pretty little chap, and put his innocent face to mine, as I bent over him. "Kiss Aunt Loys for me, Jem; wish dear Loys good-bye." Those were the last sensible words he ever spoke. He didn't know *she* was dead, you see, and I hadn't the heart to tell him. He died on my shoulder, an hour ago, quite gently, like one that falls asleep. And now, gentlemen, the real Lord Ulswater is dead, and the false one is dead, too; and I have no more—it seems to me now—to live for or to care for in this world."

CONCLUSION.

It had been James Sark's intention to devote his savings to the purpose of paying for the funeral of poor little Paul West, so called at the Clapham school, as well as the expenses of his illness, and to work his passage, before the mast, to America. But Mr. Heythrop, the solicitor from the Home Office, being good-natured, and acquainted with the great firm of Castles and Taping, gave a hint to those respectable solicitors, which caused them to take the whole burden of cost upon themselves, subject to prospective repayment from the heir-at-law to the Carnac landed property; and there is no reason to believe that the Gloucestershire or untitled branch of that ancient family grudged this expenditure in behalf of one whom they privately acknowledged to have been the legitimate owner of the estates.

St. Pagans passing as of right to the Carnacs of Gloucestershire, Lady Harriet Ashe had necessarily to seek another home. She has found one in Mentone Crescent, Cheltenham, where she reigns a quiet reign over a pretty large segment of the spinster society of that famous watering-place. She is growing very serious in these latter days, and shakes her head when the name of Flora Hastings is mentioned in her hearing; for Flora Hastings is acquiring the bad eminence of a desperate flirt, celebrated in Paris, Baden, Nice, and Biarritz for the hearts she has flawed, if not broken, for the mischief she has done, and the admirers whom she has led on to a proposal, and then laughed at. She takes a dreadful pleasure in troubling the course of true love, in making engaged men act basely to the betrothed one, and in marring the most judicious arrangements. Chaperons of both sexes are furious with her, and many a Belgravian matron lays the breaking off of her daughter's engagement at Flora's door.

Yes, Flora is much changed, and for the worse. The miserable death of Lord Ulswater might of itself have softened and chastened her wilful nature; but the discovery of his hidden wickedness, exquisitely painful at the time, afterwards hardened her disposition, and gave a dash of recklessness to her character and conduct, such as often results in tolerably good women from their finding themselves deceived. She gradually developed latent qualities of which her relatives had no previous idea; among others, those of an imperious will and a petulant temper, which gave her a mastery over others, as such wills and tempers usually do. She dragged her mother abroad, much to that lady's disgust, and has never consented since to be brought back to England for more than a month at a time.

Old Benjamin Huller died in hospital. James Sark was careless for a time of everything, ran considerable risk of being retaken, and sent back to complete his term of banishment in Western Australia. From this he was saved, however, partly by the forbearance of the Home Office, which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, winked at the returned transport's irregular absence from his place of exile, and partly by the assiduity of old Brum, who gave him no rest till they were both clear out of England. They arrived safely in America, and are understood to be earning an honest livelihood in one of the manufacturing towns on the Susquehanna, where Sark's great practical abilities as a machinist and draughtsman have acquired for him the post of foreman in a factory, with a prospective share in the concern. But he is a broken-spirited man; grave, industrious, unsmiling; quite another person from the merry vagabond of old days. He, too, is reputed to be growing serious, but in another and more earnest degree than Lady Harriet. The loss of Loys has changed him, perhaps for ever.

Greer and Starriker were by no means sent empty-handed away. For a while, indeed, the junior partner was despondent as to any return for trouble and costs out of pocket. But Mr. Greer knew better. He was well aware that men are never so liberal as when a fortune has devolved upon them in so sudden a fashion as to be reckoned as a windfall; and indeed the distant cousins, who now inherited the abbey and the lands, and who are to be baronets as soon as a new promotion adds to the number of that order, and peers, perhaps, if they steer clear of matrimonial and political blunders for a generation or so, were willing to pay something handsome to keep a public stigma from being affixed to the name of Carnac. Greer and Starriker's black-mail was forthcoming.

But although public scandal was averted, although the death of John, Lord Ulswater, an orator of promise and a nobleman of high character, was deplored in decorous newspaper paragraphs, evil things were whispered abroad concerning the dead man, and in the families of Hastings, Ashe, and Carnac, much was known, and much more was conjectured with tolerable accuracy. The wrong that had been done was never righted; the orphan heir was never openly spoken of, save as Paul West, and the peerage of Ulswater was officially supposed to expire with its late possessor, John Carnac.

THE END.

Making Glass Eyes.

It is asserted that there are in this city at least seven thousand people who wear false eyes. There are two or three places here where false eyes are made and inserted. One house informs the public that "persons deprived of an eye can have this deformity removed by the insertion of an artificial one, which moves and looks like the natural organ. No pain when inserted. Patients at a distance, having a broken eye, can have another one made without calling personally."

The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand. A man sits down behind a jet of gas flame, which is pointed and directed as he wishes by a blow-pipe.

The pupil of the eye is made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood-vessels seen in the white of the eye are easily put in with red glass, while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell, which is intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in water the shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids. The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass eye so that it shall fit the stump; if it is too large, it will not move; if it fits nicely, it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite impossible, in many cases, to tell one from the other. The operation is not in the least painful, and those who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than when they are out. A glass eye should be taken out every night and put in in the morning. In three or four years the false eye becomes so worn that a new one has to be obtained. Some ladies, who live at a distance from the manufactory, keep a box of glass eyes on hand in case of accident, for, besides wearing out, they will break under certain circumstances, as when

"Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes."

—*American Artisan.*

☞ The angelic of our race die early. Precious gums are not for a lasting flame; they but perfume the temple and expire.

☞ One hour lost in the morning will put back all the business of the day; an hour gained by rising early will make one month in the year.

☞ Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of ability, and, above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit.

☞ Pears are, almost without exception, improved by early picking and ripening in-doors.

☞ George Peabody was recently given the honorary degree of LL.D. by Harvard College, an institution to which he has been quite generous. The London Cosmopolitan thinks that the college gave this degree, not for Mr. Peabody's "learning in the law," but for his other "great gifts."

☞ The only fruit which grows in every climate is the strawberry. It is the only fruit which somewhere on the earth is picked every day the year round.

☞ A fellow was kicked out of an editorial room, the other day, for impudently stating that "he had seen in Germany a fiddle so large that it required two horses to draw the bow across the strings, which would continue to sound for six weeks!"

☞ A down east contemporary advocates the establishment of seminaries for young ladies, where "spinology, knitology, weaveology, cookology, etc., can be taught—the graduates to receive the degree of *F. F. W.*, or Fit for Wives.

☞ FARINAS.—Rev. Dr. Bellows, writing of Cologne, says: "At least twenty original Jean Maria Farinas keep up the manufacture of the most popular perfume that ever refreshed the nostrils of fainting women. It is natural that the worst smelling place in Christendom should have invented the best artificial odor. Parents baptize their children to entitle them to use the name in the manufacture of cologne water, a foresight which our American enterprise has not yet attained to."

Children.

Cleverness may be dear-bought—in the young especially so. The pearl is a serious matter for the oyster, its production being the result of a disease. And so cleverness in the young is very often achieved at the cost of their physical and even their mental health. It is well that this should be known, at a time when books are written about the boyhood of great men, with the object of furnishing illustrious examples for the imitation of children, and of exciting them to greater ardor in the cultivation of their tender little intellects. Cleverness is unnatural in a child, and is achieved at the expense of nature. The proper food of the child is not to be found on booksellers' shelves, as many people now seem to suppose: the milkwoman and the baker are more to be depended on.

For the child are needed—first, fresh air, cleanliness, and wholesome food; then, in addition to these, play, romps and physical exercise, by which its bodily powers may be strengthened; then, moral discipline and good example, for the training of its habits, temper, and disposition; and, last of all, literary culture and scholastic exercises. But to begin with teaching, or to set a child to tasks at an early age, is to interfere with the order of nature, and to risk the production of deformity and disease, instead of the "sound mind in the sound body." In early years the human being merely requires abundant opportunities to grow. It does not thrive with "coddling," either bodily or mental. The brain, which is, in some mysterious way or other that cannot be explained, connected with the productions of thought, is, of all other organs, the most delicate in childhood. The nervous system, which is the source of all vital energy, predominates over the other systems in youth; and if it be over-exercised, then it is certain to be at the expense of the other parts of the body, at the time when the highest vital powers are required, and when nature is endeavoring to perfect the physical system. By early mental culture, it is quite possible to make any child "clever," as it is called, and to cram its little head with knowledge, which is in the child quite out of place. But your precocious children—your prodigies of infantile wisdom—are rarely long-lived; and if the strength of their constitution should bear them through, it is very often with a shattered frame and an enfeebled intellect.

It is true, many poets have been precocious; though possibly most of the wonderful things recorded of such have been discovered, or greatly embellished, by biographers, after their fame has been established. Tasso's childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. He would rise and study in the night, and the day never surprised him in bed. At eighteen he produced his first epic poem; and he went on writing until he became mad, and died in that state at the age of thirty-two, after a long and lamentable confinement in a dungeon.

Keats was a clever boy at school; he was so devoted a student there that his master had frequently to force him into the open air for his health, and then he would walk out with a book in his hand. Having precociously "beat his music out," he died at the early age of twenty-five. Yet many of our greatest poets have displayed no precocity in youth: happily for them, they have in nothing differed from the run of ordinary boys. Others have been kept away from school on account of ill-health, and only acquired learning after their physical system had become matured and strengthened. This was the case with Walter Scott. He was not taught to read until he had reached his seventh year, and then it was at a dame-school at Bath. Afterwards he went to the High School at Edinburgh; but there he says, "I did not make any great figure."

Even at the Edinburgh University, where his father afterwards entered him, he succeeded no better. There he went by the nickname of "The Great Blockhead;" and Professor Dalyell, he says, "pronounced upon me the severe sentence, that dunce I was, and dunce was to remain."

Take Chatterton next, the so-called "boy of genius." Yet, so far from being a boy of genius, when sent to school he either could not or would not learn, and he was returned upon his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." His mother then tried to teach him, but she also failed. Yet the boy afterwards learned fast enough when he began to educate himself, and obtained a stimulus to the acquisition of learning.

Dryden displayed no evidence of more than ordinary intelligence until he reached mature manhood; and Johnson said of Goldsmith that he was "a plant that flowered late." Schiller was a very idle scholar, and much fonder of ball and leap-frog than of books. But the great majority of the most distinguished men—especially of those distinguished for their power—have been altogether undistinguished in their boyhood. Sir Isaac Newton, perhaps our greatest man, stood very low in his class at school, and was a very inattentive scholar, though he was fond of mechanical pursuits and of drawing various natural objects. The distinguished Sir Humphrey Davy said of himself: "I consider it fortunate that I was left so much to myself when a child, and put upon no particular plan of study, and that I enjoyed so much idleness at Mr. Coryton's school. I perhaps owe to these circumstances the little talents that I have and their peculiar application. What I am I have made myself. I say this without vanity and in pure simplicity of heart." And it is so in fact. Every man who achieves greatness does so, not through his acquirements under teachers when a boy, but through his self-education after he has become a man. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys. The former is described by the Duchess of Abrantes, who knew him intimately when a child, as "having good health, and in other respects he was like other boys;" and she adds: "My uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon in his boyhood had none of that singularity of character attributed to him."

We have, indeed, an aversion to infantile prodigies of any sort. They are things out of keeping with nature—*hors nature*. Very often your prodigy is but a disease, and ought no more to be admired than a wen or crooked back. And what is the end of your young Roscluses? Utter feebleness if not cut short by death—the frequent penalty of premature excitement of the brain. Parents need not be in any hurry to see their children's talents developed. Their best policy is to watch and wait; wait, and let good example and quiet training do their work. Give the child a stock of physical health; set the boy fairly on the road of self-culture, and as he grows older, if there be the right stuff in him, the man will cultivate himself.

Natural Laws Moral, and Moral Laws Natural.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is no one thing that it is more important that men should understand than the truth that every part of their nature is acting under a moral government, whose laws, being broken, punish the transgressor. There inheres in all moral laws an inevitable penalty. Things which the law of the land and which public sentiment do not consider transgressions are yet factors of character. A man may do things which are not forbidden by his fellow-men, but which are forbidden by the way in which he is made. There is no law against a man's reading at untimely hours. Yes, there is. Where is the statute-book in which that law is written? In the ball and nerve of the eye. God wrote it there. Hunt everywhere in books for a written law of God that a man must not read by twilight, and you cannot find it; but it is written in the eye, though you do not feel it. There is no law that a man must not eat indigestible food. Yes, there is. Was it proclaimed from Mount Sinai? No. Your stomach is your Mount Sinai for such laws as that. Transgress it and see. Is that which a man writes in a book more a law than that which God writes in his flesh, his bones, his nerves? All artificial and civil laws adapted to physical functions are but new expressions of natural laws. Are these natural laws less important because they are inevitably self-executing, self-punishing? Men seem to think it is a great thing to violate a law that is printed in a book, or a law that has a magistrate to enforce it; but a law that is printed in a man's body, and that has the whole power of nature and all the vigilance of God behind it, to execute it, they seem to think there is no great danger in violating. It is desirable that every young man should understand that there is no part of human conduct left outside of natural law—or, in other words, moral law.

Men divide laws into different classes. They say that there is a law which relates to the flesh, to the body, and a law which relates to the mind. But the body is not more natural than the mind. The mind is natural, and the law of the intellect is a natural law. The moral nature is natural, and the law of the moral feelings is a natural law. That law which harmonizes you with your fellow-man is a natural law. Is that a natural law which determines the fact that weights shall gravitate to the earth? Is that a natural law which governs the process of digestion? Is that a natural law which controls the various functions of the body? And is that not a natural law which determines men's thoughts and motives, and the results which are wrought out by one and another class of faculties in life? There is no more mischievous tendency possible than to bring up a generation of men with the impression that moral laws wait with their penalties till after men die and the judgment day comes. I repeat, that all natural laws are moral laws. You sin against God when you sin against your foot; you sin against God when you sin against your hand; you sin against God when you sin against your brain, or any part of yourself, as really—though perhaps not as seriously, not as heinously—as when you sin against your neighbor, or against the whole of society and its interests. When you violate a natural law, you violate a moral law that is wrapped up in it. There is no such distinction of names in the mind of God. They may be convenient in our weakness for describing different classes; but in their interior and substantial nature, all natural laws are moral laws, and all moral laws are natural laws.

It does not make any difference, when a child, one or two years old, puts its finger in the fire, that it says: "I did not know that fire would burn." Well, did it not burn? Its burning does not depend on your knowing it at all. It does burn, you found it out, and you will know it next time. Natural laws do not say to men: "Do you not know it? If you do not, I will not strike." Men seem to think that natural laws will certainly strike, but that moral laws will not. Yes, they will. A man says "Moral laws do not, like natural laws, carry a penalty with them; I will risk the future." You are mistaken. Selfishness is a violation of natural law. People say it is natural to be selfish. It is not natural. It is common, it is universal, everybody is selfish, and in that sense men use the term *natural;* but in another sense—viz., that which relates to its design, its organic tendency—selfishness is a violation of the natural law of the mind, and according to the structure of the mind it is punished.

Well, who sees it? Who knows anything about it?

A man with a good strong constitution, forgetful of or not knowing natural law, eats in the morning an immoderate quantity. He is simply incommoded, and the unpleasant feeling soon passes away. At the noon meal he again over-eats, not instructed by the morning's experience. He feels some pain, and he says: "I will learn wisdom from this." Perhaps for a day or two he does, but by-and-by he transgresses again, and this time the pain is greater than before, and this pain is part penalty for his violation of a law of his being. It is not the whole penalty; for every time an organ secretes pain it is because there has a greater or less amount of disintegration taken place. There is organic change in the very structure. There is a reparative force which may for a time be able to compensate; but the very compensating power is being exhausted so long as he continues to transgress, though it be but little from day to day. He is a good man—oh, yes; he pays his debts; he is a kind husband; he is an excellent brother, and father, and neighbor, and citizen; he is an able engineer; he does everything well; but he is violating the law of digestion. He transgresses a little this week, and a little next week. His departure from temperate habits is slight. He never gives himself up to debauch. He never runs riot with dissipation. Everybody says of him: "He has no vices; he is a good man; there is no better man." And yet, when he is thirty-five years old, men say of him: "He cannot bear what he used to bear. The man is overworked." Yes, if you mean inside work, he is. They say: "He took on too much business; he had too much care." But there has been a minute process of transgression. He has been sinning against the law of digestion little by little. And there has been no record kept of his violation of law which reports itself to his eye. But by-and-by, after five, ten, or fifteen years, the man breaks down. Now comes the doctor, and says, or ought to say: "You have been a flagrant sinner for twenty years, and now God is coming to judgment with you; and this is a sign of God's judgment." You are a violator of natural law; and it makes no difference that the transgression of each day is so minute: for the sum of a thousand minute transgressions, like a myriad of snow-flakes, form an avalanche that carries the power of God. A snow-flake seems to be the sign of weakness, that comes wavering through the air, uncertain whether it will fall or fly; but let snow-flakes accumulate in vast heaps upon the mountain-side, and then when they break away you have a manifestation of the power of these minutiæ. And if it is so with transgressions against the law of the body, is it not so with transgressions against the law of the mind?

A long time before physiologists knew what ailed leaves, they *rusted*, as it is said, and mildewed. Microscopic examinations finally determined that leaves, by unequal temperatures and unequal hydrometric conditions, become enfeebled, and are full of pores of minute vegetables. The moment the leaf is so feeble that it has no repulsive power left these seeds root themselves in it. They grow in multitudes, like trees in a forest, on the surface of the diseased leaf, which has not strength to resist them. Now, take any one of those vegetables, which is so small that you cannot see it, and a very powerful lens will magnify it so that you can see it, with its branches and roots. Though they are so minute that a million would hardly make a speck as large as the point of a pin, yet vegetation is destroyed by them. There are whole fields of grapes desolated this very summer by these minute fungi that affect the vegetable kingdom. Weakness is the first condition; and this weakness is itself the result of disturbed natural functions.

Now it is so with transgressions—not great and heinous transgressions, but transgressions in small things; in thoughts that are continually going wrong; in feelings that are tending the wrong way; in faculties that are working out of tune and out of proportion, in passions that inject a malign nature through the whole mind. And when the sum of these transgressions breaks out into one flagrant act, it weakens the whole moral constitution, and renders it liable to attack by a million little faults, not one of which is large enough to take a name, but which are large enough, when there are a million of them on the leaf of a man's life, to destroy its texture and moral power.

It is to the last degree important that we should be brought up in this generation at last to understand that there is no thing that a man does which he does not do under the conditions of law; that there is no thought that a man thinks which is not thought under the conditions of law—and law, too, with its sanctions and prohibitions, with its rewards and penalties; so that no man can do wrong inside or outside and not render himself liable to the awards of law; and that the whole life is full of little violations or obediences which amount to the difference between being a happy man, a healthy man, and a good man, or an unhappy man, an unhealthy man, and a bad man.

You cannot, then, sin in word, or thought, or motive, or feeling, without bringing yourself into that condition in which penalties in a greater or less degree will be inflicted upon you. Every man carries law and judgment in himself, and there is no such thing as his escaping from it. Therefore, be not deceived. *God is not mocked.* The governor is, the judge is, the sheriff is, everybody is, where it is the administration of an artificial penalty, at times; but when it is the administration of natural laws, God is not mocked. *Whatever a man sows, that shall he reap.*

You go out into your field and sow wheat. Every farmer in the neighborhood may get on the fence and point his finger at you, and hiss at you, and say of the crop which you are to reap: "It shall be thistles;" but it will not be thistles—it will be wheat; and they cannot help themselves. On the other hand, you may take Canada thistles, and sow them, and declare that they shall come up wheat; but they will come up Canada thistles. And the fact that the farmers believed what they said in the one case, or the fact that you are sincere in the other case, will make no difference.

Shall a man see that it is true in nature that every seed produces its own kind, and then say: "I will sow to the flesh, and eat and drink, and yet be a good and pure man?" Shall a man say: "I will gormandize, I will stuff myself, I will go to excess in eating, and yet have a constitution that shall stand for many years?" No, you will not. Moral conduct is as true to its nature as the seed is. No man ever does a wrong thing that it does not produce its legitimate results, both in this life and in the life to come.—*Herald of Health.*

AN IMMENSE TEA STORE.

From the New York Evening Gazette, July 17th.

The store known as the Great American Tea Company's, 31 and 33 Vesey street, is perhaps the most remarkable establishment of its kind in the city, and a short sketch of it cannot fail to interest. Two large marble blocks are used by this Company, one for the retail store, and one for the wholesale. Last week one hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of tea was sold. From the first of January until the last of April one hundred clerks were obliged to work until midnight filling the orders. Twenty-six book-keepers are constantly employed in the book-keeping department, and some twenty-five men are all the time weighing out tea and putting it up to fill orders which are sent in from the country. About twenty-five hundred chests of tea are thus disposed of each week.

☞ A young man in this city has commenced studying German by drinking lager. It is hard to tell yet whether the rudiments will master him or he the rudiments.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Martin Van Buren.

Coming down on the upper deck of an Albany steamer one day, a party of gentlemen, as the boat neared Kinderhook landing, were discussing the merits of Mr. Martin Van Buren. Some praised, others condemned; and while they were discussing the question, the boat landed, and, lo! Mr. Van Buren himself came on board. One of the party had been dwelling on his non-committalism, and complaining that a "plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him."

"I'll wager champagne for the company," added he, "that one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give him leave, too, to tell Mr. Van Buren why he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him:

"Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism, and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you: Where does the sun rise?"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated for a moment and then said:

"The terms east and west, sir, are conventional; but I—"

"That'll do!" interrupted the interrogator; "we've lost the bet!"

The Purchase of Pigs.

Mr. Sayre lisps a little. Some years since an overseer of one of his farms told him he needed some hogs on his place. Said Mr. Sayre—

"Very well, go and buy four or five thows and pigth right away, and put them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and that without questioning, asked—

"Shall I take the money with me to purchase with?"

"No, thir. They all know me. Send them here; I'll pay for them, or give you the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went his way, and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place:—

"Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't find that many pigs. I have ridden all over the country, all about, and can get but between eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! Who told you to buy that many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks since. I have tried to do so."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! I never told you any thutch thing."

"But you did; you told me to go and buy four or five thousand pigs."

"I didn't do any such a thing. I told you to buy four or five thows and little pigth, and you have done it, I thould thay."

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell next fall. Pork rose, and Mr. Sayre made his pile.

"Dry Times."

It is remarkable with what ease "local" is got out by some of the papers during times like the present, when nothing seems to move with velocity enough to produce a perceptible rising of the blood, unless it be the sun's rays. The following is a gigantic effort of a reporter to one of our exchanges:—

"Yesterday we saw a sight that froze our muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down Clark street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heart-rending catastrophes ever recorded, had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a store just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and turning about, drove in an opposite direction. Had it not been for this most wonderful concurrence of favorable circumstances, a doting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses."

Curiosities.

The Louisville Democrat says: "A laughable scene occurred on Fourth street yesterday afternoon. A great big salmon-colored lady, of the African persuasion, weighing something less than a ton and a half, dressed 'to kill,' and a 'hornet's nest' sticking out upon the back of her head, was waddling along. She was 'observed of all observers.' A young lady whose back hair was pulled so very tight that she looked as if she was walking on her toes, and as if she had been driven too far into her short dress with a sledge hammer, stopped to view the 'oulud lady' with a critic's eye, not to 'pass her imperfections by.' Both stopped and grinned at each other a moment, when the 'lady in black' struck a theatrical attitude, and said: 'Law me, miss, you needn't be standin' dar grinnin' at me, kase the Lord knows you'se a bigger curiosity to look at than I is.' They parted in peace."

A Fast Beard.

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber-shop. Not long ago, one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed—"Vell, mine Gott! dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw; I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

☞ "Ah! Pat," said a discontented hod-carrier, "don't take up this mode of life. It has too many ups and downs in it."

☞ If a bottle of ginger pop weighs one pound and a half, how much will your grandpop weigh?

GENTEEL POVERTY DINING IN STATE.

A Confirmed Grumbler.

The following will bear republishing occasionally:—

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked-for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast or boiled?" asked the wife.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist and shouted, "How dare you receive a present without my leave!"

THE STOMACH.—I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either high-ways or by-ways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your stomach timber; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim, Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, "Sir, you have eaten too much; you've drunk too much; and you have not taken exercise enough?" The human frame was not created imperfect. It is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overloaded as our stomachs.

SECRECY.—You should be careful not to entrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbors.

☞ A tourist says to those who go up to Mount Washington, that they get into pretty much such company as the man did in going up to Jericho; and that the landlords there ask how much money one has, where he comes from, give him a return ticket, and take all his cash.

AGRICULTURAL.

Dark Side of Wool Growing.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says he was induced to engage in the wool-growing business from "being taken" with the way in which the beauties and profits thereof have been presented by "Wool-Growers" and other writers upon the subject, during the past six or eight years. But being "superlatively disgusted with sheep and the sheep business," he proceeds to detail his experiences and convictions in the following bill of particulars:—

I did not buy sheep at as high figures as did many other men at the same time, but I bought better ones than many others did for the same money. I believe I have fed and handled them with proper care, but the thing don't come out as I was led to expect by "Wool-Grower's" cyphering. He used to tell us that in a tolerably good sized flock, a man ought not to lose over five per cent., and in a large flock not over ten per cent., in a year. I started with 1,400, which, perhaps, might be called a large flock; now I have never been able to keep my losses anywhere near as low as ten per cent. I wonder if "W. G.," ever kept on paper, an account of every sheep which he lost in a year?

As a fellow-sufferer and neighbor says, "Sheep *will* die in spite of thunder." During the summer they do not go so very fast; in fact if you do not put each one down on paper the very day the carcass is discovered, you will be inclined to think, in the fall,—Oh, I have not lost many: perhaps a half a dozen. In the early part of winter and clear up to March, you will feel as if you were getting along swimmingly, but don't lay any flattering unction to your soul until you reach the Ides of March, the same Ides which Cæsar was to beware of. About this time, perhaps, you think it well enough to begin entering in your book, dead sheep. Like an innocent, you think, once April comes in and your flock can get a bite of grass, the mortality of sheep will cease. The next two months undeceive you terribly, and you feel as if sheep laid down and died from sheer spite.

When "lambing-time"—I believe that's the word—arrive, you are expected by all good authorities to raise 75 per cent. You are just green enough to keep a book account here again, so as to see whether you are doing what is expected of you. For awhile you feel firstrate; your book reads, so many ewes have lambed, so many lambs living; in a week or so you have to go back to your book and chalk out some of those set down as living, on account of the natural perversity of the whole sheep kind, which will persist in dying without any show of reason. Putting down, rubbing out and altering, you run your now badly speckled book up to the time when all have come and they are ready for "trimming." On finishing this job you proceed to count your pile of tails; as the pile diminishes, how your face lengthens! "Only so many!" in a mournful tone of voice; then you consult your book; book says so many; then you recount your pile of tails and continue glancing from book to tails until your head swims. Worse than all, you reflect, they cannot be considered raised as yet, but two or three months must elapse before weaning-time. At weaning-time you take a fresh count,—having given up book by this time—and sit down to figure your year's increase. The number of increase has to be expressed by the algebraical sign of minus before it.

But I won't particularize any farther; it is sufficient to say that in my four years' experience, I have never found anything to come out as I had been led to expect by enthusiastic wool-growers. My losses have been greater; my percentage of lambs less; my weight of clip less; the price obtained for my wool less, and I have been generally and particularly disappointed. I have discovered, among other things, that no farm will carry as many sheep as men tell (for I forget how many "Wool-Grower" said a farm would carry) to the acre, and I have also learned that a pasture ought not to be stocked with half the number we meet with in agricultural papers. Especially is this true in dry seasons. Sheep bite so close that when a drought comes, it uses up a pasture much worse than when the same pasture is stocked with as many cattle as it ought to carry. I have about come to the conclusion that one sheep will eat, of grass, as much as two steers.

When it comes to marketing wool (and I am glad I can agree with "Wool-Grower" on one point) I have found a great drawback, not as he says, "in the manner of marketing," but in the market itself. I find that I am dependent on the mere chance that one or two buyers may come to my barn, or else on the honesty of some commission merchant to whom I may send it to sell for me. Even in the latter case, there are times when, for two or three months in succession, no buyer seeking wool enters his lofts. How is it with other crops? I can sell my wheat or my corn to a dozen buyers, right at home, *every day in the year*, or I can send it to any large market, and sell it to a thousand buyers, on every day in the year. I can sell my cattle—either stock cattle or fat cattle, and my hogs, twenty times, where I can sell my wool crop, or a flock of sheep, once. My cattle and my hogs are not turning into "culls," every two or three years, as are my sheep.

Your sheep stock is as fragile as china-ware and as perishable as strawberries. As to your wool market you are not much better off than those men who have bought high-priced Cashmere goats, the wool of which is said to be worth from eight to sixteen dollars per pound—if one could only find the man who buys it. Some say it is worked by a factory in Edinburgh, some in Paris, but I have never found the man who could tell which.

I had been led to expect great things of the wool and woolen tariff passed last winter. I expected more from it for the reason that it went into effect immediately. We see now how much it affects the price of wool. Old sheep men tell me that I ought not to expect much from it this year, from the fact that the country was filled with woolens, previous to its passage. They say, hold on until next year and then you will see. I shall "hold on," because I have to, but I don't expect to see any benefit from the tariff, because I calculate there will be no tariff of that sort a year from now.

Next winter the free trade interest in Congress will say, "We passed this tariff last winter particularly to help the wool grower; it has not benefitted him the "first continental." Mr. McCulloch will say, just so, gentlemen, nor have I been able to get any revenue from wool or woolens.

Well, I have got sheep to sell, and so have nine-tenths of the sheep owners in Illinois. If we can sell out, or give out, or kill out, or let die out, of sheep, I suppose it will be all the better, in a year or two, for those happy wool growers who, it seems to me, keep sheep, not because they find them profitable, but because they are fascinated by, and in love with, the stock.—*A. R H., Shelby county, Illinois, July*, 1867.

CIDER—KEEPING IT SWEET.—An exchange tells how to keep cider by saying:—When fermentation commences in one barrel, draw off the liquor into another one—straining through a flannel cloth. Put into the cider three-fourths of an ounce of the oil of sassafras and the same of the oil of wintergreen—well shaken up in a pint of alcohol. But one difficulty is said to pertain to this preparation of cider. It is so palatable that people won't keep it long.

RECEIPTS.

SWEET PICKLE PEACHES—(EXCELLENT.)—Pare the pickles and cut them in halves, and to two pounds of fruit, take one quart of vinegar, and one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and vinegar over the fire, skim it, and when it has simmered fifteen minutes, put on the peaches, and let them remain until they are slightly cooked, but not soft. Boil cinnamon and mace in the syrup. Cloves are nice, but discolor the fruit.

SPICED PEACHES.—Take nine pounds of clingstone peaches, ripe, but not soft, pare and halve them, or leave them whole. Make a syrup of four pounds of brown sugar and a pint of good vinegar, some mace and cinnamon, and skim it well. Let it cook a quarter of an hour, and then throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as possible, and when clear, take them out and lay on dishes, and put in more; when all are done, pour the syrup over the peaches.

SAUCE OF CHERRIES OR DAMSONS, FOR MEATS.—Allow half a pound of brown sugar to every pound of fruit, and to every seven pounds of fruit a pint of strong vinegar. Put all in together, and let them cook slowly until they are done. Then take the fruit from the syrup and put on dishes. Let the syrup boil longer until it is rich, adding cloves and four sticks of cinnamon. Pour over the fruit in jars, whilst hot.

WATERMELON SWEET PICKLES.—Two pounds of watermelon or muskmelon rinds boiled in pure water until tender. Drain them well. Then make a syrup of two pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, half an ounce of mace, an ounce of cinnamon, and some roots of ginger boiled until thick, and pour over the melons boiling hot. Drain off the syrup, heat it until boiling hot, and pour over the melons three days in succession. They are very nice, and will keep two years.

WHITE WALNUT CATCHUP.—Gather the walnuts when soft enough to run a pin through, put them in salt and water for ten days; then pound them in a mortar or pot, and to every dozen walnuts put a quart of strong vinegar and stir it occasionally. Then strain it through a bag, and to every quart of liquor put a teaspoonful of pounded mace, the same of cloves, and a few slices of onion. Boil it half an hour, and when cold, bottle it. If you use black walnuts, remove the hulls in the same way as for pickles.

CUCUMBER CATCHUP.—Pare and cut the cucumbers into very small square slices, the size of a grain of corn, and add onions cut in the same way, in the proportion of one onion to every half dozen cucumbers. Mix them and salt them well, and let them stand ten or twelve hours. Then drain them well through a sieve or colander. Season with white or black pepper to your taste, and put in alternate layers of the fruit and white mustard-seed, until your jars are three-fourths full. The jars must be small, as this catchup spoils by exposure to the air. Fill the jars entirely to the top with vinegar. The vinegar must be the very best cider vinegar. White wine dissolves the fruit. Some persons prefer the catchup with wine in it. Madeira wine is the best, in the proportion of a pint to every gallon of vinegar. Seal up the jars well, and every few days examine them. When you see the cucumbers rising above the vinegar, open the jar and press them down, and fill up with vinegar, and seal tightly again. Keep them in a cool place during the warm weather.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—Take a peck of ripe tomatoes, wash and cut them in pieces, and put in a porcelain kettle, and boil until they are quite soft. Then mash them well and strain through a hair sieve. Season with salt and Cayenne pepper, and white mustard-seed, and let it boil till half of it is boiled away. Let the bottles in which you intend to pour it be set on the back part of the stove and gradually heated, and pour the catchup into the bottles when quite hot, but not boiling. Cork and seal well, and keep in a cool place, until the warm weather is over. You may add powdered cloves and black pepper, if you like them, but they will discolor the tomato juice.—*Dixie Cookery.*

☞ Hougoumont is a conspicuous feature of the great field of Waterloo, and a name familiarly used in speaking of the famous battle. In course of time it will be forgotten that this is a mere mistake, which originated with the great General who achieved the victory, catching up from the peasantry around the sound of *Chateau Goumont*, and the real name of the little demesne in question. Nobody doubts, however, the right of the "Great Duke" to call a place he has made so famous by any name he might please to apply, and so *Hougoumont* it will remain while history lasts.

☞ A travelling English marquis, in the course of the "grand tour," arrived at Berlin, weary of lionising. When he went to bed, at the close of his first day's residence, he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have come to a place where there is nothing worth seeing!"

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 22, 7, 26, 5, 13, is used in building.
My 5, 24, 14, 1, 19, is a river in Russia.
My 2, 3, 8, 23, 9, is a boy's name.
My 15, 16, 17, 20, 13, 19, is a vegetable.
My 29, 25, 1, 13, is a kind of grain.
My 24, 29, 6, 26, 21, is a bird.
My 10, 6, 13, is a kind of drink.
My 13, 27, 1, 29, 11, is a lake in Russia.
My 13, 17, 21, 23, 23, 1, is a lake in Scotland.
My 13, 24, 23, 3, is a lake in Ireland.
My 4, 8, 12, is a conjunction.
My 7, 3, 21, 10, is a girl's name.
My 6, 5, 17, 3, is a color.
My 30, 31, 13, 6, 27, 25, is a girl's name.
My whole is what we would like to see completed. HAMILTON D. CARR.
Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Enigma.

On a monarch's brow I sit,
When all things look brightly;
O'er a baby's cheek I flit,
Kissing it so lightly.

Oft of Affection am I born,
My sponsors Joy and Mirth;
Sometimes, on angels' faces worn,
Am there too bright for earth.

You can call me up at will,
And dismiss at pleasure;
Laugh, and you destroy me—still
I exist in measure.

Weep, and I must vanish quite,
It may be for years;
Yet am I oft a charming sight,
Seen through a veil of tears.

Before the rod of care I flee,
But before Love stand true;
Oh, set, dear friends, much store on me—
I bring much joy to you! DORA.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a certain station near a river appears an oak tree due south, on the other side. There is also a pine tree in a southwesterly course, but inaccessible and invisible, in consequence of the river and a high bluff on its bank. A distance of 90 yards is measured due west from the station to an elm; and ten yards further in the same direction, is a point due north from the pine; thence in a course considered to be parallel to the line joining the first station, and the pine tree at the distance of 45 yards, a perpendicular line was found to hit the pine and to be parallel to the straight line between the elm and the oak. The distance between the oak and pine trees, and also the distances from the first station to the oak and pine, and from the elm to the oak and pine, are required.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a circular field of ten acres. It is required to make a walk three feet wide concentric with the circular field, so that the area enclosed by the walk may be equal to the area exterior to it. What is the interior radius of the walk? J. B. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Indiana.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A spherical air-bubble having risen from a depth of 1,000 feet in the sea, was one inch in diameter when it reached the surface. Required, its diameter at the bottom, and the curve described by the extremities of a horizontal diameter of the bubble, supposing its centre to move in a vertical line.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Ans.—Because they are always breaking their word.

☞ Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes brush? Ans.—Because it spoils the nap.

☞ What sort of blades were the Roman Emperors, Augustus and Tiberius? Ans.—The blades that formed a pair of Cæsars, of course.

☞ Why is a monarch who can't talk like his dominions? Ans.—Because he is a *king dumb*.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Never mind, brother, we shall kindle to-day a fire in England, which, please God, shall never be extinguished." (Latimer A. Ridley.) ENIGMA—"Every cloud has a silver lining."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, June 22d—The required probability is 524288-1048576. A. Martin. Here are only two possible cases, viz.: odd and even, therefore the probability will be ½, there being no reason why the one should happen to be taken from the bag rather than the other. Robert Curley.

Answer to W. F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM, same date—2 067 feet. J. S. Phebus and L. Lebus. 1.8x feet. R. Curley.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—Jan. 28th. W. H. Morrow, L. Lebus, R. Curley, A. H. Heath, J. Wilson, J. S. Phebus, J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, June 29th—4-25, 36-25, 81-25, and 1-25, 16-25, 64-25. J. M. Greenwood. The numbers are 1-25, 16-25, 64-25. A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—Distance, 71½ miles. The constable first travelled 8½ miles per hour. The thief travelled 9½ miles per hour. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus and V. W. Heath.